Lutheran Observer

Unless with proofs of Holy Writ, or with manifest, clear and distinct principles and arguments, I am refuted and convinced, I can and will recant nothing.—Luther

In Essentials, Unity; in Non-Essentials, Liberty; in all Things, Charity

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Poetry

THE SONG I NEVER SING

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

As when in dreams we sometimes hear
A melody so faint and fine
And musically sweet and clear
It flavors all the atmosphere
With harmony divine—
So, often in my waking dreams,
I hear a melody that seems
Like fairy voices whispering
To me the song I never sing.

Sometimes when brooding o'er the years
My lavish youth has thrown away—
When all the glowing past appears
But as a mirage that my tears
Have crumbled to decay—
I thrill to find the ache and pain
Of my remorse is stilled again,
As, forward bent and listening,
I hear the song I never sing.

* * * * * * *

O nameless lay, sing clear and strong,
Pour down thy melody divine,
Till purifying floods of song
Have washed away the stains of wrong
That dim this soul of mine!
O woo me near and nearer thee,
Till my glad lips may catch the key,
And with a voice unwavering,
Join in the song I never sing.

INCOMPLETENESS

BY ADELAIDE A. PROCTER

Nothing resting in its own completeness
Can have worth or beauty; but alone
Because it leads and tends to further sweetness,
Fuller, higher, deeper than its own.

Spring's real glory dwells not in the meaning,
Gracious though it be, of her blue hours,
But is hidden in her tender leaning
To the summer's richer wealth of flowers.

Dawn is fair because the mists fade slowly
Into day which floods the world with light;
Twilight's mystery is so sweet and holy
Just because it ends in starry night.

Life is only bright when it proceedeth
Towards a truer, deeper life above;
Human love is sweetest when it leadeth
To a more divine and perfect Love.

Learn the mystery of progression duly;
Do not call each glorious change decay;
But know we only hold our treasures truly
When it seems as if they passed away.

If you ever feel down-hearted or discouraged,
If you ever think your work is all in vain,
If the burdens thrust upon you make you tremble,
And you fear that you shall ne'er the victory gain;
Have faith in God, the sun will shine,
Tho' dark the clouds may be to-day,
His heart hath planned your path and mine,
Have faith in God, have faith alway.

—May Agnew Stephens.

Contributions

"THE LAW WITHIN THE LAW"

BY PROF. W. H. WYNN, D. D.

In that remarkable poem of his, entitled "The Two Voices," Tennyson, under a mood of deep mental dejection, imagines himself in groping controversy with that spirit of denial which is evermore gloating over the nothingness of life. It is a colloquy between the subtle breathings of despondency urging to self-destruction and the resolute yearnings of a soul reaching out in the darkness in the direction of light—reaching, reaching, even though it be but a glimmer that straggles through the gloom.

Note, the Mephisto voice is called "the still small voice," never uttering itself in authoritative accents, nor sweeping in on the dejected one with a blustering air. It is quiet, plausible, insinuating, but none the less ingenious in weaving its web.

The poet knew well the psychology of doubt: that it is never self-confident; that it deals in negatives; that it never goes flinging its flambeaux in defiant challenge of the deepest moral convictions of men. However elaborately worked up into a system, with whatever resource of logic and eloquence and learning, there was still "no certain clearness" about it; it was still "a vague suspicion of the breast."

Thus, no man can assure himself positively that this mysterious life of his, even though it be broken and marred and blasted by the countless ills and tragedies to which it is exposed, is of no account—a dead failure, a fiasco in the ongoings of things—

> "A life of nothings, nothing worth,
> From that first nothing ere his birth,
> To that last nothing under earth"—

no man of sound mind, we say, can seriously hold himself to this dismal creed. Not that nihilism has never had a powerful advocacy among learned men, bold champions, men of accredited erudition and acumen in the philosophical world, deliberately setting up decay and death as the predestined goal of all things living, whether of plant or animal, beast or man. Simply, we say that all such systems have failed to rid themselves of that "vague suspicion"—the inherent doubt attaching itself to their systems of doubt. In short, the creed of the skeptic has never been known to satisfy its most ardent advocates or to gather to itself a following large enough to be accounted a school.

In this great poem, "The Two Voices," the poet is apprised of this fact, and is working in this vein. Tennyson was wont to speak often of the "sage-poets"—meaning that class of poets who are philosophers as well as poets, who do not think it necessary to avoid the sage when wooing the muse. Preëminently of this class was Tennyson himself. And it is not too much to say that in this remarkable poem he has succeeded in putting the Mephisto side of the controversy, the creed of pessimism, in the strongest possible phrase, and in like manner, also, the answer-

ing voice, without sacrificing for an instant what he felicitously called the "glory of words."

For example, the skeptic is always appealing to the reign of law. Law! law!—everything takes place under the dominion of law. Growth and decay follow one another in fixed routine; what to-day is, to-morrow will have passed away. We are in "a changing world of changeless law," and all those experiences of joy and sorrow, hope and defeat, are linked up in this indissoluble chain of cause and effect, and all disposition to revolt is but the useless champing of the restless spirit on the bit of fate.

You have no control over life; in vain you lift up your hand to wave away the event of death. Life and death—they fall to you under the rigorous round of cosmic law, and it was an illusion of your youth that you could make either of them tributary to your idle dreams.

Now, the poet's answer to this was an appeal to his conscious heroisms in devotion to a cause—his going into battle "to war with falsehood to the knife," his getting hold of the "hidden principle" that was at the root of all human hope and endeavor, even when doubt and despair were knocking at the door.

However baffling the quest might be, he found himself reaching out eagerly for the "springs of life, the depths of awe," intent on discovering "the law within the law"—the law, that is, that would assure him that he was, in some sense, a law unto himself, a free power with limited liberty under a reign of law.

In the expression, "the law within the law," we have the unmistakable token of the sage within the poet—the philosopher taking up "the harp of life" and singing the old-time metaphysical quibble clean "out of sight."

The law within the law!—let us distinguish between a physical and a moral law, and the whole difficulty speedily disappears. The controversy going on in the poet's soul was but the old quarrel between the higher and lower natures of man, the issue being as to which should have the reins, when the problem of destiny was waiting to be solved. The very terms suggested the age-long struggle between the material and spiritual interests of the individual man, and of the evolving civilizations of the race as a whole—law in conflict with law; or, rather, the liberty of the moral man resisting the usurpations and tyrannies of the man of the flesh.

We must have noted that, in the vocabulary of science, and of the materialistic philosophy of our day, the term "law" means something fixed, an order of things that cannot be reversed. The still small voice in Tennyson's poem insists that the preponderating wretchedness of human life is under the grip of law, and as such must defy all hope and struggle for relief—this being the dictum of science, there is nothing left you but to quietly succumb.

And this would be true if, in such matters, the tribunals of logic were for us our final appeal. In the poet's day it was the prevailing opinion that there was no other resource—you must square with the syllogism or give up your case. It was, therefore, a bold step in the poet to turn his back on the accredited tribunals of his day and, by way of settling his controversy, appeal to "the law within the law"; otherwise, to the nobler instincts of the human soul.

This is the way he did it—mark well the triumph of the hour. He opened his window, and the soft light and soothing airs of the Sabbath morning saluted his sense. The church bells were ringing. "On to God's house the people pressed," and on the opposite sidewalk he saw a father making his way thither, with his wife on the one arm and his maiden daughter on the other, and—

> "These three made unity so sweet,
> My frozen heart began to beat,
> Remembering its ancient heat.
>
> "I blest them, and they wandered on;
> I spoke, but answer came there none,
> The dull and bitter voice was gone."

In other words, the heart has its oracles as well as the head, and in seasons when hope languishes, and darkness supervenes, just open the windows of your soul and light will come in.

Tacoma, Wash.

THE COMMON CAUSE

BY REV. MARION G. RICHARD

What is it? The term may have different applications with different people. To the teacher it may mean education; to the attorney it may mean law; to the physician it may mean medicine; to the merchant it may mean trade; to the banker it may mean finances; to the carpenter it may mean the construction of buildings; to the farmer it may mean agriculture, and so on. Each one is especially interested in his own sphere. There is a common tie existing among those in each of the several occupations. And their own occupation becomes to them a common cause.

But none of the above suggested lines of work is the subject of this paper. The common cause which we have in mind is that which had its beginning nineteen hundred years ago in Palestine. Jesus came to seek and to save a lost world. That he might accomplish this he took into confidence and conference twelve men, who became his disciples. His cause became theirs. They became not only his learners, but also his laborers. The cause which they had in common with him was man's redemption.

Unto this end Christ founded the Church. And his disciples, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, fostered and forwarded the Church. As long as the Church made the cause of Christ its own, it preached the Gospel which is the power of God unto salvation of all who believe. But when this identity of interest was lost, desuetude, dormancy and darkness came over the Church. Not gifts of grace from God, but gifts of gold from people, was the program. The Church no longer worked with and for Christ, but for itself. At length, however, the reformers arose and restored the means of grace. The pure preaching of the Word and the proper administration of the sacraments again made the cause of the Church, or at least a part of it, common with the cause of Christ, namely, the redemption of man. In the Protestant division of the Church, parties arose which developed into denominations and sects. All purported to be in common with Christ. But only those who kept Christ in the foreground of faith and practice really amounted to much. For many have fallen by the wayside, and some are falling now. But those who are making common cause with Christ are increasing more and more.

In past centuries, even a generation or two ago, denominational lines were sharply drawn. Persecution prevailed, and death to those holding opposite views was deemed a God-send. But the general movement in our time is toward unity of spirit and coöperation of effort. The Federation of Churches for more economic management and ecclesiastical harmony; the Young Men's Christian Association, and the Young Women's Christian Association for the strengthening, the sanctifying and the saving of body, soul and spirit; the World's Union of Sunday-schools for the studying of the word of God; the World's Union of Young People's Societies for training in the word of God; the Anti-Saloon League and the Women's Christian Temperance Union for the banishing of the rum traffic; the World's Student Federation for the converting of the unsaved in schools, colleges and universities, and the Laymen's Missionary Movement for

greater efficiency in the Church for the work at home and abroad—all of these various phases of activity are essentially one in the fundamentals of faith, and all are long steps forward in the common cause of Christ for the salvation of the world.

"We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity."

Some may deplore the tendency and denounce it. They may fear that their individual congregation may be absorbed, or their particular denomination might be obliterated. These are selfish and foolish fears. What does it matter if Christ's cause be thereby promoted? Many good buildings have been razed to the ground and removed in order to give place to palaces and parkways. The former served a good purpose, but the latter a better purpose. Congregations and denominations at one time doing a good work have given place to those which are doing a better work. Congregations and denominations, however, which have a place to fill and are fulfilling their mission shall not be taken away. Joining in the general movements of the Church for the redeeming and the uplifting of the race will not weaken, but will rather strengthen the individual, the congregational and the denominational life. Neither will it mean the loss of identity and character in personal and church life if that identity is worth preserving and that character is worthy of perpetuation. To stand aloof from the general movement is but to make one's own foundation less secure, whereas to join with the cause which makes for righteousness, strengthens each part, and consequently the whole structure of the Church. We are members, not apart *from*, but *of*, one another; and we have not many, but one Lord, one faith, one baptism—one common cause.

This common cause, the cause of Christ, is moving onward and ever onward. Even despite the horrible conditions across the sea, where the war-clouds of murderous strife hang heavy and are breaking upon the nations in the destructive slaughter of human lives, there will emerge elements clarified like the air after a thunderstorm in the sultry summer time. Old things, old enmities, old methods, old barbarities, old war will have passed away, and behold! all things—social life, commercial life, church life and national life—will have become new; and enthusiasm for the cause of Christ will fill the world's social and spiritual atmosphere as never before. The common cause is stronger now than it has been at any time in the past. Even in the warring nations men and women and children are meeting in the churches and worshiping as they have not for a generation past. They are calling upon a common God, for in the heart of the people of the nations there is the espousal of a common cause.

The common cause is the cause which God and true Christians are championing. Self-preservation of the individual, the Church and the nation demands enlistment in it. All plans and practices apart from, or antagonistic to, the common cause will come to naught. If we deny Christ, he also will deny us. The individual who disregards God will be like the chaff which the wind drives away; the nation which forgets God will perish, and the church which forsakes God will mourn a departed glory. It matters not what man may be in the world: he may have the wisdom of Solomon and the wealth of Croesus, but if he have not portion in the common cause, he shall vanish away.

Man by his indifference and wickedness may delay, but he cannot destroy, the common cause. It has almighty and eternal elements in it. It will grow and grow until it shall spread into all nations, and reach from the river to the ends of the earth, and the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ, and the world shall be redeemed.

That each one may have part in this great and glorious common cause is the desire of our Lord. He wants us to be laborers together with him. All mere personal prejudices, pessimistic pettiness, and party preferences should be laid aside, and all doubtful and discordant doctrines dropped, for the sake of the common cause. If we identify ourselves with our Lord's cause we will, like him, be infinite and eternal. We must do it now. Allegiance, service, sacrifice, suffering will be our common lot. But then comes reward and rest. If we suffer with him we shall also reign with him.

Chester Springs, Pa.

THE ENGLISH TEXT OF THE APOSTLES' CREED

BY PROF. S. G. HEFELBOWER, PH. D., D. D.

II

Christ's Descent into Hades

"I believe in God the Father . . . And in Jesus Christ . . . who was crucified, dead and buried; he descended *in inferna, ad inferna, ad inferos, eis ta katotata.*" So run various Latin and Greek texts of the Apostles' Creed; but what shall we say in English? Following old traditions, we generally say "hell," but some have departed from precedent and say "Hades," or "the place of departed spirits." "Hell" to-day is almost always understood as the "place and state of retribution" of the impenitent. Hades, taken from the Greek, is about the equivalent of "the place of departed spirits."

Remembering that "hell" is now almost always understood to signify the place of punishment, are we justified in using it in the creed?

The Biblical Basis

Almost all of us are still bound to the noble simplicity of the Authorized Version of 1611; when we recall a passage, it is as we got it in the old family Bible, and that was not the Revised Version. In that translation, made three hundred years ago, "hell" is used to render into English four different words which vary in meaning. In the Hebrew text of the Old Testament we have the word *sheol*, which is translated "hell" (31 times), "the grave" (31 times) and "the pit" (3 times); in the New Testament "hell" is used indiscriminately for *hades* (10 times), *gehenna* (12 times) and for *tartarus* (once, 2 Pet. ii. 4). In the Revised Version of the Old Testament, Sheol is just brought over from the Hebrew, except in the prophetical books (but the American Revision retains it throughout); in the New Testament, Hades is likewise taken from the Greek, and "hell" is used as a translation for *gehenna* and *tartarus*.

"Hades," both as a translation of *sheol* in the Septuagint and in the New Ttestament, is "the abode of the departed, the unseen world, into which men pass at death." "In all the New Testament passages, except Matthew xi. 23 and Luke x. 15, Hades is associated with death; it expresses the general conception of the invisible world or abode into which death ushers men." Probably in New Testament times it was thought of as a realm where the wicked were in torment and the righteous in a state of safety, or even joy (Luke xvi. 23 *sq.*).

Gehenna, the Hebrew derivative in the New Testament Greek, is clearly the place of punishment of the wicked. Matt. v. 22, 29, 30; x. 28; xviii. 9; xxiii. 15, 33; Mark ix. 43, 45, 47; Luke xii. 5; James iii. 6. This is the hell of punishment, where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched.

Clearly, "hell," in the sense of a place of punishment, as the average reader understands it to-day, is

not a proper rendering of *hades*. Probably it was more correct three hundred years ago, for then it also meant "the abode of the dead; the place of departed spirits" (Century and Murray). In 1694 Jeremy Taylor, referring to the Descensus, said that "hell" meant "the state of separation and common receptacle of spirits." And More, in 1529, discussing the Descensus, writes: "That is to say, He descended down beneath into the low places. Instead of which low places the English tongue hath ever used this word hell." But usage has so changed that many of us do not know of this meaning until we find it in a dictionary.

In brief, we find that in the Bible, Sheol or Hades is the place of departed spirits, the realm of the dead, and that Gehenna is the place of punishment. The 1611 translation, which has largely determined our usage, does not make any distinction; the Revised Version (the American Version consistently) recognizes the distinction by using Sheol, from the Hebrew, in the Old Testament, and Hades, from the Greek, in the New Testament, for the place of departed spirits, and Hell for Gehenna, or the place of punishment.

Did Christ descend into the place of departed spirits or into the place of punishment; should we say Hades or Hell in the Creed?

We must distinguish between the descent of our Lord as a fact in his history and the speculations concerning it, especially concerning his mission to the unseen world. Only the descent is mentioned in the Creed; we are not discussing his mission.

It has been well observed that it is nowhere expressly stated in the Bible; it is assumed that Christ descended into the realm of the dead, as any man that dies. Acts ii. 27 *sq.* emphasizes the fact of his return from Hades: "Thou wilt not leave my soul in Hades. . . . His soul was not left in Hades" (not Gehenna). Probably this same conviction, that Christ went to the abode of the dead, is back of Rom. x. 7. Luke xxiii. 43 would also mean the same as the passage from Acts if we accept the meaning of Paradise current among the Jews at that time; and we should understand those words in the light of the common use among those who were there when they were spoken. Matt. xii. 40 and Eph. iv. 8 *sq.*, though explained differently by various exegetes, may refer to the Descensus.

The passages most discussed are from 1 Peter iii. 19 *sq.* and iv. 6. These verses have caused much debate, especially among those who attempt to construct a theory of Christ's mission in the unseen world. But the exegesis of these passages is very confusing and conflicting.

Chapter iv. 6 does not mention a descent; it is read into it by speculative theologians. "The dead," according to Luther, "are judged according to men in the flesh. But they are not in the flesh; hence it can be understood only as applied to living persons" (Erlangen Edition, German, li. 467 *sq.*). This interpretation is widely approved. A very common interpretation is that "it probably refers to those, now dead, who in their lifetime had a knowledge of the Gospel."

"Augustine, Aquinas and Calvin, and — for many years at least—Luther as well, denied that the verses in question (both Petrine passages) referred to the subject at all" (Loofs). There are at least five different exegetical interpretations of 1 Peter iii. 19 *sq.* Though he sometimes seems to imply a different interpretation, Luther, commenting on this passage, said that "Christ after his ascension comes in the Spirit (*i. e.*, in preaching) to the spirits (*i. e.*, spirits or hearts of men), who are as disobedient as the contemporaries of Noah" (Erlangen Edition, German, li. 456-460, as summed up by Loofs). This has few advocates at present. Almost every scholar seems to have a different opinion. But whatever the meaning—and the confusing variety of opinion among scholars proves that it is uncertain—to say that his preaching to spirits in prison proves that he descended into Hell, the place of eternal punishment, is to read into this passage something that it neither states nor clearly implies.

What shall we do then? Where shall we find our basis for interpreting these verses? The fundamental rule of interpretation is to explain the passages of uncertain meaning by those whose meaning is clear. And what will this give us when applied to these dark passages? Though it is not directly expresssed, it is clearly assumed that Christ went to Hades, the abode of the departed spirits. It is nowhere taught in Scripture that Christ descended into Hell, the place of everlasting punishment. Therefore, if these Petrine passages of uncertain meaning refer to a descent of Christ, we must understand them as referring to a descent into Hades, the realm of the dead in general, not into hell, the place of punishment.

Historians tell us that these verses did not form the original basis of the doctrine of the Descensus; many of the early church fathers do not mention them in this connection. The doctrine of the Descensus had its rise as a tradition in the early Church, and these passages were later understood as applying to it, especially when theories as to the nature of Christ's mission were being constructed.

To sum up the biblical teaching on this point, various passages in the New Testament assume that Christ, after death, was in the common realm of the dead, in the place of departed spirits, or Hades; it nowhere teaches, or even intimates, that he was in Hell, the place of punishment. To say that the Bible justifies the statement the Christ descended into Hell, the place of punishment, is to do violence to Scripture, to wrest its meaning, to read that into it which is not clearly taught by it, to set at naught a fundamental law of sane interpretation.

The Descensus in the Creeds

The historical development of the doctrine of the Descensus involves some interesting questions. It seems to have been the last article to get into the Apostles' Creed. Rufinus, who compares his own baptismal formula with that of Rome about the year 400, mentions it as being in the Aquileian confession but not in the Roman formula. It appeared first in the Sirmium formula (not baptismal) of 359 and in other local confessions of the same period, none of which, however, were forms used at baptism (Hahn, "Bibliothek der Symbole," 163 *sq.*). And long before this it was a tradition in the Church found in the writings of many church fathers. But, strangely, the Nicean confession of 325, the revised Nicean Creed of 381, the text of which we have in the hymnal, and the Creed of Chalcedon of 451, do not mention it. It appears, however, in the Athanasian Creed, which is later and shows a marked tendency to dogmatism. It was incorporated in the Augsburg Confession, and was developed at some length in the Formula of Concord, Article IX. Here, it is claimed by many orthodox Lutheran theologians, speculation goes beyond Scripture. Though intended to be a confession, the Formula of Concord, in its discussion of the Descensus, is largely speculative theology.

My revered teacher, the late Dr. Valentine, sums up the situation with characteristic thoroughness and clearness in his "Christian Theology," vol. ii, p. 93 *sq.*

"It is enough to know that He has thus descended and taken the keys of death and Hades for those that come to God through him. And it is fitting when the Form of Concord advises against curious speculation or dogmatism about points left unrevealed and beyond determination. The Scripture passages for it are too incidental and their interpretation too uncertain to

justify anything more than a very general statement. The literature of its past discussion is immense, but the conclusions established by it are exceedingly small. We may well accept the general statement of the Apostles' Creed in the Greek form [into the lowest], for thus far the Scriptures plainly warrant, but many of the special theoretic applications of the divinely-stated fact are too unwarranted to be counted as theology." Such, for instance, is the Roman Catholic Doctrine of Purgatory.

"Of another thing in this connection we may hold ourselves as fully certain: that the English word 'Hell' should not be used as a translation for Hades in this clause. As the equivalent of the Hebrew sheol, hades stands in the Creed in the generic sense for the 'spirit world,' the place of departed spirits irrespective of condition. It is not a simple equivalent for gehenna; propriety and accuracy forbid its use as such. It is true that the *old English* word 'hell' from the Saxon 'helan' (concealed, invisible) meant the same as hades or sheol; but it has lost that meaning in present English and popular understanding, and its use now constitutes a distinct mistranslation. Accordingly the revisers, giving us the revised version of the Bible, have refused the word 'hell' where the Greek has hades or the Hebrew sheol."

If Dr. Valentine's statement is true, it is hard to avoid the conclusion that Sunday after Sunday we ask our congregations to profess that they believe something that is not taught in the Bible, that Christ descended into Hell, the place of punishment.

The Authorized Version of 1611, in its indiscriminate translation of *sheol, hades* and *gehenna* by the word "hell," was wrong in the light of present usage and knowledge. The Revised Version corrected the error. Why can we not do the same with this article of the Apostles' Creed? Our revised translation of the Bible and the Church's most honored symbol would then agree; as it is, they do not.

Topeka, Kansas.

THE SPIRIT OF NORTHFIELD

BY REV. A. POHLMAN, M. D.

To one who witnesses the annual exhibition, held in connection with the Summer School for Women's Foreign Mission Societies, there comes a subtle permeation that spiritual things may be visualized. To be an out-door spectator, and see hundreds of young women and girls, garbed in simple flowing robes of many colors, who go through a program of song and recitation, with graceful attitude and earnest manner, is enough to convince one that these "religious retreats" are well worth while.

We found ourselves among the group of Lutheran women at this conference during July 8-15, and were wonderfully impressed with the value of the asset that the women of the Church are to the cause of Christ. Over 1,000, from every section of the country, during the hottest season of the year, industriously attending not only the large meetings in the main auditorium, but also the half-dozen classes for special work, is a sight worth any man's making a pilgrimage to one of Christianity's Meccas of education and inspiration.

Many men, even of the Lutheran Church, have attended the sessions of the General Conference of Christian Workers at Northfield, when well-known men of many lands presented special themes, but we wonder if any Lutheran minister ever attended the Women's Conference on Foreign Missions! Well, it's a sight worth seeing. Such an array of marked ability and such a comprehensive program—and all worked out by the committee of women representing the larger denominations of Protestantism — our own among them!

On the closing night of the convention the five men missionaries present, husbands of women missionaries, were invited to sit on the platform. They made up a total of 38 missionaries present. It was a scene that would soothe war-racked nerves to hear even one of the thirty-eight tell something of what God hath wrought in the foreign lands. And, though some of the thirty-eight had not been on the foreign field for some years, yet their absence from that work was more than made up by the length of service of those now active there. The thirty-eight present totaled 516½ years of service on the foreign field; and of the thirty-eight, thirty-three were women! Five of them were of one family, of four generations — the Scudders of India. Three of them were the Murdock sisters of Baltimore, and now of China—doctor, nurse and evangelist. Several of them had children born to them on the field who are now also in the work there.

China, Japan, India, Africa, Arabia, Korea and Mexico were represented. The reports were all of an encouraging character. Little reference was made by any one to the war: that was treated as an incident of mission work. However, an impressive peace meeting was held on Sunday afternoon. With the exception of these five men on the platform, who only made brief remarks, and of Rev. Dr. Erdman, of Princeton, who had the morning Bible mission study hour, all the others were women. Their outlook on life was large, their convictions deep, their consecration sincere. There were no inharmonious notes in the whole seven days. All worked together. Mrs. Peabody is a wise leader; Mrs. Montgomery a great teacher.

The spirit of Northfield is the spirit of the pure evangelical gospel. Many Lutherans have commented on this noticeable fact. No one need think of it as narrow or sectarian, or "revivalistic" in the sense of objectionable and sensational evangelism. The broad catholicity, the intense spiritual consecration, the deep desire to see things done—all combine to make a Christian feel that here is one of the choice spots where the disciples of Christ can get together. And it was likewise very noticeable that if more union is to come to the divisions of the Christian Church, it will come largely on the foreign fields, and particularly so through the women in that work, who do not hold so tenaciously to the theological sides of the cause, but who regard the service or work on the field as of primary importance. When mention was made of several union women's colleges in other lands, there was generous applause and hearty approval. The keynote of this convention seemed to be to get the work of Christ done.

Their text-book, "The King's Highway," by Mrs. Helen Barrett Montgomery, written only after she had made a study of missions at first-hand all around the world, was also elaborated on by the author every day of the convention, and additional rich material presented, to show the progress that women's work in the mission world is making. The spirit of Northfield splendidly interpreted this phase of the work.

One cannot make a mistake by including a trip to Northfield—or any one of the other many summer schools or religious conferences — in their vacation time. It will give point and poise to every Christian worker who adds this to his gleaning in the summer months. They will return to their church work in the fall with renewed physical and mental vigor and in addition have an inspiration that will enable them to take up their tasks more hopefully in a large spiritual sense.

What the Chautauqua movement meant years ago to give a taste for culture to those deprived of collegiate courses, this spirit of Northfield, now found in even many of the denominational summer conferences, is doing for the purely religious life of the Christians who attend them. It has been our privi-

lege to address some of these different denominational affairs, and it is wonderful to see how the broad spirit of the Christian life is emphasized. It is a wonderful spirit that is abroad in this Christian work to-day. It bulks big in the coming kingdom. Catch this larger spirit of the Christian Church work and see how it improves Christian service.

Philadelphia, Pa.

A WASHINGTON WOMAN'S LETTER FROM CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

The physical beauty of this open-air college for the people is steadily increasing, though the intellectual and spiritual beauties change but do not greatly increase from year to year. I left Washington in great heat, but found northern New York as much too cool as Washington was too hot.

Mr. O. H. Benson,

agriculturist in charge of club work, Bureau of Plant Industry, U. S. Department of Agriculture, on July 15th gave altogether the most instructive and suggestive lecture we have yet heard. He said: "Tell me what your child does from 3 until 10 p. m., his unsupervised hours, and I can predict the future of your child." He showed many of the boys' clubs engaged in poultry-raising, corn-raising, in raising garden-stuff. He showed one city boy with a little back-yard. The instructor told him to utilize his fence. "How?" "Why, dig deep around your posts, use nitrate of sodium, also manure, and train vining vegetables up your posts." And there he had platforms of lath with large pumpkins, squashes, cucumbers, tomatoes, etc., so that his twelve posts made a fine sum of money beside his garden proper. He showed contests by boys' clubs in rope-tying, in canning of every vegetable and every kind of fruit, much of it the by-products, such as wind-falls of plums, peaches, pears, apples, etc.

There are over 450 of these instructors who are connected with the Department, who show young people how to organize, give direction, and in a small measure superintend the work. Each person agrees to follow directions, keep strict accounts, contest with others, and make full reports. It struck me that this government, by this encouragement, is saving the by-products of the human race. All races, all nationalities can contest. When a club makes a great achievement, the State sends the members to Washington, where the friends in the Agricultural Department introduce them to the Secretary of Agriculture and the President of the United States, gives them a banquet and sends them home to do even better work. Boy and girl readers, try it.

Prof. Scott Nearing

gave a remarkable and most beneficial course of lectures during the week on Sociology. His themes—"Poverty," "Riches," "A Democracy in Industry"—have commanded great interest, but are not easy to give in substance. The week from July 18th to 23d will be on "An Improved Judiciary," and has brought to Chautauqua many lawyers, judges, and legislators.

Of all the places I visit, Chautauqua gives the best concerts, and the best reviews of modern books, plays and political conditions, and for that reason, aside from the high altitude and cool climate, gives a person who has little time for obtaining general information a most desirable place for vacation. I don't get anything here in July which helps my religion. One gets that at Northfield or Gettysburg, but I do get instruction on the archæology and history of the Old Testament, under the head of "History of Israel in the Light of Archæology," and "The Religion of Israel," by Prof. Lewis B. Paton, of Princeton, every morning. We are told to grow in knowledge as well as in grace. I need both.

Miss Katherine Bement Davis, Ph. D., LL. D.,

on July 19th talked on "The Desirability of Labor for Convicts." Dr. Davis is the Commissioner of Corrections for the city of New York. She told of the great difficulty of granting labor to prisoners, on account of manufacturers objecting to the cheap labor of prisons and of the fight that labor organizations give them. She said the Minnesota penitentiary could make rope and twine used in the great wheat fields and clear enough above their keep to pay prisoners 25 cents per day. But New York only permitted a few manufactories of things needed by the state institutions. They have obsolete machinery, they are not permitted to keep any stock of material on hand, and the institutions are not self-supporting. Last winter 250 white-enameled beds were needed by the charities in a day's time. It would have taken two weeks to prepare them, and the poor men were in idleness those two weeks. Dr. Davis would like to cut all red-tape, but at lowest-marked prices and sell at best prices, but is not permitted to do so. Certainly not! Men never did understand house-keeping on either a large or a small scale. She is a handsome, strong, fair woman of thirty-five—the modern educated, big-brained, large-hearted woman whose like as mothers will breed a nation of heroes.

Mr. George W. Alger,

of the New York bar, is giving a series of lectures on "Justice and the Courts." He shows how criminals who deserve punishment escape by technicalities, how judges are hampered in giving instruction, how people of sense are not permitted to serve on juries, and, above all, how all atmosphere for justice is vitiated by the newspapers. He cited the case of Leo Frank in Georgia and of Harry Thaw in New York. A very informing series of lectures it is to us plain people.

Mr. Thomas Mott Osborne,

warden of Sing Sing at Ossining, New York, gave an address on "Common Sense in Prison Management." Appointed chairman of the New York Commission of Prison Reform in 1903, Mr. Osborne spent a week in the Auburn State Prison as a convict to study prison conditions. He was appointed warden of Sing Sing at the beginning of the present year.

It is interesting to record the visible results of the principles of self-government introduced by him after five months' trial at Sing Sing. Prisoners are studying shorthand and industrial drawing, telegraphy and clay-modeling, and the various languages are to be taken up. The prison has a mandolin club. Three hundred members of a knitting class have already sent many pieces of their work, including sweaters, caps, scarfs, to the women and children sufferers among the Poles. During recreation hours baseball, tennis, boxing and other sports are going on in the prison yard. Mr. Osborne is firmly convinced that a sense of honor obtains among the convicts. While six months is too short a time for the thorough testing of this method, there is already good reason to hope that it will ultimately solve the problem of prison discipline.

Mr. Osborne is a graduate of Harvard University and connected with many manufacturing companies in Auburn, N. Y. He was a member of the Auburn Board of Education for eight years; candidate for governor of New York in 1898; mayor of Auburn 1903-5; member of Public Service Commission, Second District, New York, 1907-9; chairman of the New York Commission on Prison Reform. He is one of the most prominent Democratic leaders of the state.

Now, of all the good things I ever heard at Chautauqua, the address of Warden Osborne was the very

best. He is a Christian before he is a humanitarian, which explains the whole matter. He spoke one hour and a half, and was forced to reply to questions for another hour. Among other things, he said:

"We have tried punishment for years and found it a failure. It is opposed to our religion and to any concept of society, because it is impossible to formulate a code of punishment which will be just to everyone. One prisoner told me that he had been charged with five crimes and convicted of the only one of the five of which he was innocent. However, in dealing with prison affairs, sentimentality is just as bad as brutality.

"There is no man living who can decide how much punishment a man should have. He who tries usurps the power of God. Such a condition is tragic in its consequence. Few will say they should not be in prison, but few will admit that they receive just due for their crime. Each man should be given an indeterminate sentence. How would it work to examine a man at the hospital door, and say, grip—two weeks; measles—six weeks; smallpox, three months? There are many prisoners sent for short terms who are too weak or too vicious to ever be free. On the other hand, there are those whose long incarceration is economically and morally wrong.

"The first crime that we meet when first we enter prison is the confining of the men for fourteen hours of the day in rooms, in holes in the wall, about seven feet high, seven and a half feet long and four feet wide. Even these are larger than some in Sing Sing that are six and a half feet high, seven feet long and three feet three inches wide.

"I doubt if you can imagine the terrible physical feeling of such confinement. The common sense of that is to take the men out on the farm and put them to work in the open air. Three-fourths of the men could be trusted to live under freer circumstances.

"Down at Sing Sing we can't change the cell blocks until the Legislature in its superior wisdom says we can, but we don't have to keep the men in the cells fourteen hours of the day. We let them out in the air an extra hour through the winter season and for two hours in the summer. We have lectures, artists to sing for us, moving pictures, and a choral rehearsal once a week.

"The aim of the prison is to make every man capable and deserving of living honestly and usefully. You can't protect society in any other way except by creating conditions by which men can reform themselves, for no warden can do it. The men should be taught to like honest work.

"I received this telegram from a man who had served a sentence at Sing Sing: 'Have received a life sentence. Married day before yesterday. Your pal, Charlie.' Charlie has now learned to like honest work and he learned it as sergeant-at-arms in charge of those who would try to break the rules of the prisoners within the prison. If you find a man who won't work, let him starve. It is surprising how well a man will learn his lesson in political economy if he learns it through his stomach.

"The next law of common sense is to allow some latitude about talking. Can you imagine anything more blasphemous than to forbid men the heaven-given gift of speech? Formerly you might walk along for days and years only to utter a word when your guard asks you a question. The effect of preventing men from communicating by speech is to make animals of them. They contrive systems of wireless signals that are far superior to your wireless. Down at Sing Sing now they talk all they want to at work, at meals and at their recreation.

"One of the dreadful features of prison life is its death-like monotony. One gray figure drops out and another takes its place. Newspapers are supposed to be forbidden, but they get them. You have read about drugs and liquor in prison. The men wanted them because of the way they had to spend the Lord's day. Now there is more opportunity to get drugs, but the prisoners themselves have driven drugs out of Sing Sing. The horrible attitude of suspicion on the part of the guards is one of the terrors of prison life. The guard watches every mouthful of food and flashes a bull's-eye on you every hour of the night to see that you are not committing suicide. Now the sixty guards have been removed from the great mess-hall at Sing Sing where 1,200 men assemble every meal and there is not the slightest disorder. If a prisoner turned his head in chapel he would formerly have been sent to the dark cell with only a slice of bread and a gill of water every twenty-four hours. Brutal punishments never benefited any man.

"The fact that four prisoners have run away disproves what some papers say about Sing Sing becoming so heavenly that the men want to stay. The brutality of the punishments under former conditions was only equaled by their imbecility. I wanted to test what the punishments were like at Auburn and refused to work, so I got my 'bit in the cooler,' where I stayed for fourteen hours. Here is where the imbecility of the system comes. There were eight cells in the cooler behind three doors and no guard after he had locked the third door going out. More than half the punishments in the Auburn prison were for talking, and they sent you down to the one place where you could talk with perfect freedom.

"After all, I don't know anything that is more common sense than the Golden Rule. I don't mean to let a man out because he wants to go out. But most of them realize that prison is the best place for them. The other night fifteen men went out to hunt a man who ran away, and all came back. One was a life-termer, with twelve years to serve before he could ask for parole. Another was a crook of whom one of the prisoners said after the incident: 'Warden, they can say what they like about this modern system, but I will tell you there is just one answer: old Bill was out one whole night and did not stay.' This is not a miracle, it is only the way God works in the soul of man.

"We have placed responsibility upon the men and they respond to it. It is only when you give men liberty that the spirit of God can work. There is somebody that knows better than we do, and that is God."

He was asked about various phases of his work which he had omitted in the volume of his address or which were suggested by the talk. These Mr. Osborne answered directly and clearly. Concerning the pleasantness of Sing Sing, he said that under any conditions whatsoever, a prison is a prison just the same. You can have picture shows every hour, have no work of any kind, and still that liberty so precious to everyone is denied.

A differentiation was made between an honor system and a system of self-government. The prisoners of Sing Sing have their elections, various legislative bodies and five judges. They are responsible to society, prison society to be sure; where in the honor system the responsibility is only to the warden, and out in the world there is no warden. Warden Osborne is opposed to capital punishment.

Senator Evarts, of New York, who was noted for his long speeches, once said: "My speeches are like the Erie Railroad: the terminal facilities are bad." Where there is such wealth of material, I trust the editor will be to my faults a little blind.

Mrs. H. E. Monroe,
204 A Street, S. E.,
Washington, D. C.

July 22, 1915.

"FACTS VERSUS FALLACIES"

BY MARGARET H. BARNETT

The Philadelphia Lager Beer Brewers' Association has, for some time past, been publishing a series of advertisements in some of the prominent dailies under the title, "Facts versus Fallacies." A recent number of this series contained the following statement:

"For years Fallacies were exploited by Prohibitionists. Untrustworthy statements, unprovable statistics and hysteria marked their utterances. Being uncombated, their statements passed for truth. But when Facts were brought forth to disprove these fallacies, a marked change in public opinion was shown. For this series of Facts versus Fallacies was begun to give the same publicity to Facts as the Prohibitionists had to Fallacies. Then, good, solid common-sense came to the fore as hysteria was pushed to the background. Old-fashioned, solid common-sense has overcome hysteria, and has done quite as much as substantial Facts to disprove the many Fallacies of Prohibition."

In connection with these statements, read the following:

Maine adopted statutory prohibition in 1858, and constitutional prohibition in 1884. A few years ago the question was re-submitted to the people, and prohibition re-adopted. Kansas adopted constitutional prohibition in 1880. January 1, 1893, there were only four states in the Union which had state-wide prohibition, and only thirteen which had local option; all the rest were license states. Now there are eighteen states which have state-wide prohibition, and ten others which are more than 50 per cent prohibition under local-option laws. Only seven states are less than 25 per cent prohibition, and only four states have straight-out license systems. Four states have adopted prohibition since January 1st of the present year, a number equal to the whole number of prohibition states in 1893. The number of license states now is the same as the number of prohibition states in 1893. Three more states vote on the question this year.

Oklahoma began its career as a state with prohibition in its constitution. In 1910 a local-option and high-license amendment to its constitution was submitted to a vote of the people, and was defeated by a large majority.

The prohibitory law which went into effect in Alabama, July 1st, is said to be the most radical ever adopted by a state.

A majority in the House of Representatives voted last winter to submit to the states a prohibition amendment to the national constitution.

The army canteen was abolished more than twenty years ago. An effort was made to have it restored, but this was opposed, and successfully, by Major-General Frederick D. Grant and other prominent men. Liquor has also been banished from the navy. The use of liquor has been forbidden in the encampment of the National Guard of Pennsylvania this summer. A similar action has been taken in New York.

Intoxicants have been banished from the trains of the Pennsylvania Railroad and from all its stations. It has a very rigid rule against the use of liquor by its employees, prompt dismissal being the penalty of violation of this rule. Other prominent business corporations have similar rules.

During the past year six hundred dailies closed their columns to all liquor advertisements. Many prominent dailies and magazines had previously taken the same stand.

The Grand Commandery of Knights Templar of this state, at their recent conclave, decided that in the future no man connected with the liquor business, either directly or indirectly, should be admitted to membership in this branch of Masonry.

The Pennsylvania State Board of Public Charities, in its report to the last Legislature, said: "In nearly every class of institution within our charge, indisputable evidence is constantly before us, in the form of ravages of disease and delinquency due to the use of alcohol and drugs." The Board recommended preventive measures, and suggested legislation looking toward the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of harmful products within our Commonwealth.

In the recent report of the Poor Directors of Dauphin county, the statement was made that for every dollar of revenue received from the liquor traffic, the city of Harrisburg and the county of Dauphin paid out almost six dollars in caring for the victims of liquor and in arresting, convicting and imprisoning the criminals which the traffic made. The steward of the almshouse of Dauphin county reported to the Directors of the Poor that 90 per cent of the inmates of the almshouse were in their present unfortunate condition because of liquor, and that of twenty-five families which had recently become a charge upon the public, twenty-two were reduced to pauperism by liquor.

A large proportion of the inmates of the Eastern Penitentiary, in a petition to the recent Legislature, stated that in their opinion 70 per cent of crime is due to strong drink. The records of our criminal courts corroborate this statement. A year ago the grand jury of Schuylkill county recommended to the license court a radical reduction in the number of saloons in the county. The grand jury stated that the great number of saloons was responsible for the startling amount of crime in the county, which had broken all records the previous year. About the same time, the grand jury of Luzerne county recommended a reduction of the number of saloons in that county.

Dr. Howard A. Kelly, of Baltimore, said recently, in a public address, that the "liquor traffic and the social evil, working hand in hand, are the cause of most of the blindness, much of the insanity, and hundreds of other ills that flesh is heir to."

Pennsylvania is one of four states which have a straight-out liquor license law. Its last Legislature appropriated over three hundred thousand dollars to establish a home for inebriates.

Pennsylvania enjoys the unpleasant distinction of being considered "one of rum's last strongholds in the Union." But even in Pennsylvania there are ten counties from which the licensed sale of intoxicants has been banished by judicial decisions, and in other counties the number of licenses has been materially reduced. There is a disposition on the part of license courts to refuse all new applications. The state has got rid of 351 saloons during the past year.

The reader may decide for himself what are the "facts" in the case of the liquor traffic and what the "fallacies." He may also determine for himself what direction the "marked change in public opinion" has taken in recent years, and on which side of the liquor question "good, solid common-sense" is most likely to be found.

New Bloomfield, Pa.

—To be ever conscious of my unity with God is my desire; to listen to his voice and hear no other call; to separate all error from my thought of man, and see him only as my Father's image—to show him reverence, and share with him my holiest treasures; to keep my mental house a sacred place, golden with gratitude, redolent of love, cleansed from the flesh and white in purity; to send no thought out into the world but such as will bless and cheer, purify and heal; and to have no other aim but to make earth a fairer, holier place, and to rise each day higher into a sense of Life and Love.—Ex.

THE LEPERS ARE CLEANSED

BY FRIEDA WITTLIG

"God befriend us, as our cause is just."—Shakespeare.

"The lepers are cleansed." This is the message that Jesus sent to John the Baptist, when imprisoned, to confirm to him that he was truly the Messiah — all power having been given him "in heaven and in earth." The cleansing of the leper, Jesus classified with those of his most beneficent works.

To-day this is equally true. No branch of Christian work so greatly demonstrates "the love of Christ" who constrains his followers to take care of the leper —one million three hundred thousand of these afflicted. While everything possible is being done to-day for the leper, in so far as the discoveries in medical science will permit, yet thus far a cure has not been reached. However, in the providence of God, who is leading on in this great work, a cure, it is believed, will ultimately be discovered. Why should this seem incredible when such wonderful discoveries are being made?

"The lepers are cleansed." Through sanitation and segregation, through the care given these afflicted ones by our self-sacrificing missionaries, the disease is being reduced many per cent. There are now nearly one hundred asylums — places of refuge — for the leper. There are twenty homes for the children who are taken from the stricken parents and saved to lives of usefulness. Leprosy is not hereditary, but contagious. If the children are taken away early they do not contract the disease. There is no sadder sight, says Rev. Wagner, of the "Gossner" Luther Leper Mission, than to "behold these children stricken" because we have not done our part. The needs are urgent beyond words. The moral and physical welfare of these untainted children, extreme, demand immediate attention.

Naaman, the Syrian general, bathed in the muddy waters of the Jordan and came out clean. God to-day is calling us to assist in the great work, interdenominational in character, of helping to "cleanse the leper," save the children, reduce the spreading of the disease, and give the missionaries the best possible opportunity of demonstrating the beauty and power of a life devoted to the service of humanity. Jesus himself has said, "Greater love hath no man than that he should lay down his life for his friend."

To the heathen world there is no greater or better way of reaching the heart than by this practical demonstration of Christianity. Many have been won by seeing the care given the leper. In some stations large additions to the Christian community have been secured just from the object-lesson of this self-sacrificing work.

The cost of caring for a leper is but twenty-five dollars for the year. Careful economy is plainly seen. The lepers are organized to labor for their own welfare, thus greatly multiplying their efficiency and reducing the actual cost of caring for individual lepers.

Leprosy prevails in all the countries of the Orient; also in the Philippines, Hawaii, South America, and there are two colonies in the United States. There are three kinds of leprosy—the tubercular, the anæsthetic, and the skin leprosy. The average life of a leper is from eleven to fifteen years. Missionaries to the lepers have gone out from the United States to China, Japan, Korea, India, Burma, Siam, and the Philippines. Beginnings have been made in Africa, Persia, and South America. About twelve thousand of these lepers are sheltered and cared for—but "what are these among so many" uncared-for?

The largest Lutheran mission, including several stations, is the Gossner in India. Nearly all the inmates at Purilia are Christian. Do not let us get the impression that they are unhappy. These lepers, cared for, often practice the greatest self-denial, and love and joy shines in their faces. They are happy in Jesus and his promises. Does it not pay to care for them? "I was sick and ye visited me."

> "The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
> It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
> Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
> It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

Thus it was in the days when Jesus was on earth, when the leper cried out to him, "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy upon me!"

In our church and missionary activities, let us not forget the leper—his cry amongst this million is heard to-day, "Have mercy upon me!"

The Basle Mission is doing work among the lepers in India; the "Hermansburg," in South Africa; the Norwegian Lutheran Society, in Madagascar; the "Rhenish," in Sumatra. In Salur, the land where the mango grows, the Breklum Society is at work. A fine quarterly magazine is printed at small cost, informing us on the great work undertaken in behalf of these sufferers. "Without the Camp," and other literature, may be secured from the United States secretary, Mr. W. M. Damer, 105 Raymond street, Cambridge, Mass.

"When the Son of Man shall come in his glory, and all the angels with him, then shall he sit on the throne of his glory. . . . Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. . . . I was hungry, and ye gave me to eat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me to drink; . . . naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me. . . . Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, *even* these least, ye did it unto me."

Marietta, Ohio.

TO BE A CHRISTIAN

What is it to be a Christian? Ask the average man on the street, "Are you a Christian?" and he will answer with an apologetic smile: "Well, I'm trying to do the best I can." But no man ever made himself a Christian or won his way into eternal life by trying to do the best he could. Our individual Christianity depends not upon what we do for God, but upon what we let God do for us. To be a Christian is to receive in gratitude and in conscious need God's gift of his Son Jesus Christ as our Savior. The voluntary receiving of Jesus as Savior is the only thing that ever makes a Christian of any human being. Then, and for the first time, the saved man can begin to "do the best he can" by letting God's best, even Christ himself, commence to work out God's will in his life.—Sunday School Times.

TEN THOUSAND DIED AS MARTYRS

Ten thousand Chinese Christians died as martyrs in the Boxer insurrection in 1900. They were offered their lives if they would simply renounce the name of Jesus, but they gave themselves in death to him who had given himself in death for them. The early centuries which offered such splendid testimony to Jesus in the blood of martyrs slain in the ten dreadful Roman persecutions are matched by the death of these ten thousand Chinese who were not less faithful in their mortal hour. What testimony are we bearing and what service and sacrifice are we rendering for him who loved us and gave himself for us? Christianity has grown out of sacrifice as the harvest out of its seed, and it will have virtue only as we put into it our service.—Ex.

—Let prayer be the key of the morning and the bolt of the evening.—Matthew Henry.

Our Young Lutherans

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON

Third Quarter: Lesson VI. August 8, 1915

The Kingdom Rent Asunder

Golden Text: "Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall." Prov. xvi. 18

Lesson Text: 1 Kings xii. 1–24

COMMENTS BY R. W. HUFFORD, D. D.

Saul and David and Solomon were the only kings of united Israel. The first of these was a farmer, the second a shepherd, and the third a prince, the son of a king. The three reigns were nearly the same in length of time, and covered a period of about one hundred and twenty years in the history of the nation. Before these kings were the judges, the last of whom was Samuel. After the death of Solomon the kingdom was divided, "rent asunder," so that instead of one nation and one king, there were two nations and two kings.

The lesson before us tells how this came about and who was to blame for it. The two new nations, very unequal in size, will be known in further history as Judah, the southern kingdom, made up of two tribes, and Israel, the northern kingdom, of ten tribes. Jerusalem was retained as the capital of Judah, the southern kingdom, and Samaria became the capital of the northern kingdom, the new kingdom of Israel.

Names are often misleading. It is well to bear this in mind, as henceforth the true spirit of Israel is rather to be found in the little kingdom at the south, than in the larger kingdom at the north.

"The time that Solomon reigned in Jerusalem over all Israel was forty years, . . . and Solomon slept with his fathers and was buried in the city of David; and Rehoboam his son reigned in his stead."

I. Rehoboam's Folly

"And Rehoboam went to Shechem: for all Israel were come to Shechem to make him king."

Not "all Israel," that would not have been practicable. All Israel would have meant several millions of people, young and old, men and women and children. No such gathering was ever held in Israel, or anywhere else. The words mean those who favored Rehoboam for king from all parts of the kingdom. It was a national gathering chiefly of the friends of this son of Solomon.

There was another aspirant to the kingship, however, as we learn from this history, Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, who also had many friends in Israel. Jeroboam, either in person or by representative, was present at Shechem and had something to say on the question as to whether Rehoboam should succeed his father Solomon as king.

"And Jeroboam and all the congregation of Israel came and spake unto Rehoboam, saying, Thy father made our yoke grievous: now therefore make thou the grievous service of thy father, and his heavy yoke which he put upon us, lighter, and we will serve thee."

This was a clear statement of the people's grievance, and their request seems reasonable. Solomon's great improvements in Jerusalem and elsewhere had cost much money and service, making the taxes heavy and the burdens great. The people were tired of it, and thought that now, when the new king was coming in, was their opportunity.

Rehoboam said unto them: "Depart yet for three days and come again to me." The new king desired a little time to think, and consult with advisers, and that was very good. First he consulted with the old men "that had stood before Solomon, his father," and asked them how he should answer the people. And they said unto him: "If thou wilt be a servant unto this people this day, and speak good words to them, then will they be thy servants forever." Against this spirit of conciliation and kindness advised by the older and wiser men, Rehoboam was moved by the younger men to deny the request and answer the people harshly, and unfortunately he followed this later advice.

The reasonableness of the people's request was not recognized at all, and the answer of the new king was put in the most offensive form. "Did my father lay upon you a heavy yoke? I will add to your yoke: my father chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions."

The name Rehoboam means "liberator of the people." This meaning was very far from being realized in the seventeen years' reign which now began in Judah.

II. An Angry People

"So when all Israel saw that the king hearkened not unto them, the people answered the king, saying, What portion have we in David? neither have we inheritance in the son of Jesse: to your tents, O Israel: now see to thine own house, David. So Israel departed unto their tents," and so ended, once for all, the united kingdom of the twelve tribes. The old allegiance to the House of David was broken, not to be restored. The repetition of "David," and "son of Jesse," and "thine own house, David," as the representatives of the ten tribes withdrew, would indicate that it was not easy for them to take the step that meant secession and the beginning of a new nation. The name of David was still the magic name, though Solomon's reign of forty years had passed since it was written that the son of Jesse "slept with the fathers."

"Then King Rehoboam sent Adoram, who was over the tribute (revenue); and all Israel stoned him with stones, that he died."

All this took time, and these things did not occur immediately after the ten tribes had declared that they would no longer be subject to the House of David, in the person of Rehoboam.

Rehoboam and his advisers, no doubt, thought the trouble would pass over, and the kingdom would be as it had been before the death of Solomon. He even sent his tax-collector, Adoram, out among the seceders, as though nothing had happened, to collect the tax as aforetime. This unwise and offensive measure, on a level with the advice of the young men which the king had followed, produced disastrous results. Adoram lost his life, stoned to death by the people, and Rehoboam, convinced at last that something had happened, and that the northern tribes were in earnest in their opposition to him and his counsellors, "made speed to get up into his chariot and flee to Jerusalem."

"So Israel rebelled against the house of David unto this day" (the time when this history was written).

What befell the new kingdom which followed, "Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin," will appear in later studies; as also the subsequent history of the small kingdom of Judah, made up of the two tribes of Judah and Benjamin—the latter tribe so small and insignificant that it is at times passed over without notice. Names of some great prophets and good kings will come before us, and over all will be the providence of God guiding toward higher wisdom.

Reading, Pa.

—"No man will ever reach heaven with his face the other way."

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PRAYER-MEETING

Bible Study

Topic for August 8, 1915. How We can Promote the Temperance Reform. Eph. iii. 14–21

BY REV. J. B. GUINEY

I. By continually showing the evils of intemperance. Prov. xx. 1; Isa. v. 11, 12, 22; Isa. xxviii. 1, 3, 7.

II. By coöperation with all forces to overthrow this evil. Jer. xxxv. 12-19; Acts xxi. 23-26.

III. We should show by our example that we believe what we teach. Luke i. 15; Luke vii. 33; Acts xviii. 18; Rom. xiv. 7-23.

IV. By passing laws to abolish strong drink. Ex. xxi. 28-36.

V. By showing that there are higher things than being filled with wine. Eph. v. 18-20; Eph. vi. 17, 18.

VI. We should not thirst after strong drink, but after things above. Col. iii. 1-4; Matt. v. 6.

Montoursville, Pa.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPICS

Seed Thoughts

Sunday, August 8. Topic—How We can Promote the Temperance Reform Eph. iii 14–21

BY REV. P. A. HEILMAN, D. D.

One of the most hopeful signs of the times is the awakening of public sentiment against the liquor traffic. The saloon is being outlawed in one state and nation after another, until soon the majority of the states will have gone "dry." Alabama was the last one to vote out the saloon. At 11 o'clock on the 30th of June last every saloon in the state had to close its doors permanently. That makes nine states within the past year that have voted out the saloon. Glad day for the nation when all the states shall have fallen in line, and we have our national Constitution so amended as to forbid the manufacture and sale of intoxicants for a beverage in the United States.

Facts. Nothing like facts from real life will convince the people of the folly of continuing the saloon. The short editorials in the OBSERVER of July 16th are most telling truths and right up to date.

Accidents. More than half of the accidents in our mills and factories are caused by drink. So says this same paper. Railroad companies and large corporations will not employ a man who drinks, whether on duty or off. No promotion for the man who drinks. He is almost certain to lose his position a little later on. The odor of beer or whisky on a man's breath makes his employer suspicious.

Agitation. Every good cause is advanced these days by agitation. We must frequently speak of the good work done by temperance societies. Have a word of encouragement for the leaders in the W. C. T. U. and the Anti-Saloon League. Help them by your sympathy and with your means.

Coöperation. The best organization to oppose the liquor traffic is the Anti-Saloon League. Free from all entangling alliances, it gives an open field for all temperance workers.

Voters. No man should have a Christian's vote who is not a straight out-and-out temperance man. It is little difference what a man's politics may be, but his attitude on the temperance question is everything. Vote for the temperance man every time.

The Church and the saloon. The Church has no right to engage in party politics, but it is her duty to set her face like a flint against all evils, and especially this worst of evils. The saloon is not only the Church's worst enemy, but it is every individual's worst enemy. Let the press committee get busy in gathering newspaper clippings for this meeting.

Baltimore, Md.

Bible Readings

M., Aug. 2. Temperance talk. Prov. xxiii. 29-35.
T., Aug. 3. Coöperation. Jer. xxxv. 12-19.
W., Aug. 4. Our example. Rom. xiv. 17-23.
T., Aug. 5. Laws against evil. Ex. xxi. 28-36.
F., Aug. 6. Higher interests. Col. ii. 6-12.
S., Aug. 7. The real inspirer. Eph. v. 18-20.
Sun., Aug. 8. Topic—How We Can Promote the Temperance Reform. Eph. iii. 14-21.

LUTHER LEAGUE TOPICS

August 8, 1915. Isa xliv. 18–20. "He feedeth on ashes"

BY REV. C. R. TROWBRIDGE

There are many articles of food that nourish the body and supply its needs most admirably. So there are certain definite sources of nourishment for the soul that are amply sufficient for all demands made upon them that are wholly satisfying and strengthening. Information as to these sources of life-giving supplies is easily had, and he would be a foolish man who would refuse to avail himself of the information and who would turn aside from the supplies. Ashes, as a steady diet, are a poor substitute for decent food. If we saw a man who preferred them to wholesome bread and butter, we would naturally and properly conclude either that the man was a fool or that he was not in his right senses. Yet it may be possible that such an abnormal diet is being made use of by some of us. Not that we actually go to a pile of ashes and eat some of it, but that what ashes stand for is the choice of some of us in preference to a more sensible and satisfying sort of food. Ashes are things perishable, easily blown away by the passing wind, worthless for any useful purpose. And of some of us it may be properly, though sadly, said: "He feedeth on ashes."

Now, it is evident that ashes are an unsatisfying diet. They contain no nutrition such as is necessary to the development and growth of the body. They do not satisfy the pangs of hunger, and are worthless as a flesh-producer or muscle and tissue restorer. Equally unsatisfying are the things that ashes stand for—the perishable things of this life, the craze for wealth, the mad rush for the latest form of amusement, the eager search for social prominence and influence, so called. Yet the multitude of men is engaged in just such a search, and ultimately finds it unsatisfying and vain.

Ashes, or what they stand for, are also injurious as a diet, a nourishment for body and soul. There is a class of people in parts of our land known as clay-eaters who actually devour a form of clay as food. But they suffer for such a taste, and are stunted in body and mind. The man who persists in using any sort of abnormal diet for his soul is sure to be injured in the end, beyond reparation.

Ashes are a foolish diet, also. Why take up such a form of nourishment when there are better forms to be had on all sides of us? It is worse than silly to accept anything less than the best, when it can be had for the fullest supplying of our bodies. Equally true is this with regard to the soul life in each one of us. All the things that ashes stand for are foolish when compared with the really valuable, abundant, satisfying and sensible means of support which may be had for the asking.

Easton, Pa.

Luther League Daily Bible Readings August 2–7

Monday: Ex. xx. 1-6—God's Commands.
Tuesday: Ex. xxiii. 13, 20-25—Be Faithful to God.
Wednesday: 1 Cor. x. 7-16—Take Heed Lest Ye Fall.
Thursday: Jer. x. 7-16—God is All Powerful.
Friday: Ps. cxv—The Foolishness of Idols.
Saturday: Luke x. 25-28—"Love the Lord and Thou Shalt Live."

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FRIDAY, JULY 30, 1915

Heresy is an Error; Intolerance is a Sin; Persecution is a Crime.—Dr. Philip Schaff.

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THE LAWLESS SPIRIT

The degree in which the spirit of lawlessness is abroad in a community is commonly supposed to be indexed by the number and variety of crimes committed. Where men in high office are guilty of corruption, where murders are frequent, and defalcations and embezzlements are of almost daily occurrence, it is a legitimate inference that there is a widespread debauchery of moral sense.

Judged by this standard, the conditions of our American life are not such as to beget overmuch complacency. It is hardly possible for any reader of the daily papers to escape the impression that even if we are not positively deteriorating, neither are we showing a consistent and satisfactory improvement. The catalogues of offenses committed against the peace and good order of the land during a given period, as these are compiled and published by statisticians, make an alarming exhibit. For crimes of violence, especially, we Americans have an unenviable distinction among the nations of the world. Self-restraint under provocation does not appear to be one of our virtues.

But the number and variety of crimes actually done are not the only index and measure of disregard of law. Even more significant is the attitude of the community toward law-breaking and law-breakers, and toward the orderly administration of justice by legally constituted methods. Here again the conditions are far from satisfactory.

Recent Instances

Two cases of recent date are in point.

One is that of Leo Frank, of Georgia. He had been convicted of the murder of a young girl. But the circumstances of his trial, the evident determination of an aggressive element in the community to force a verdict of guilty, the penetration even into the court-room of this atmospheric hostility to the prisoner, together with the character of the evidence on which he was convicted, raised in impartial minds all over the country doubt as to the man's guilt and awakened a nation-wide interest in his behalf. Letters from every quarter of the land poured in on Governor Slaton asking that, in view of the reasonable doubt about Frank's guilt, the sentence of death be commuted to life-imprisonment, thus leaving the way open for his release in case his innocence should finally be established. The Governor, a brave, conscientious and determined executive, after an exhaustive examination of the evidence, was convinced that it was not conclusive, and accordingly commuted the sentence. Immediately there was an outbreak of the mob violence which had been conspicuous during and after the trial, and a brutal manifestation of vindicative hatred against the Governor who had acted within his clear and legally recognized prerogatives, like the courageous and honest man that he is. It was an effort to substitute the reign of the mob for the orderly processes of the law, and its sinister significance is in the large scale on which this was attempted. It is highly probable that the assault since made on Frank by a fellow-prisoner, who inflicted wounds that may yet prove fatal, was inspired by the same mob passions that seem to have penetrated the jail as they are alleged to have invaded earlier the sacred precincts of the court.

The other case is that of Harry Thaw. There is no need to repeat the sordid facts. They have been before the country for nine years, and have constituted one of the most odious scandals in the legal history of the country. The other day this man, who had been acquitted of wilful murder on the plea of insanity, was liberated from the asylum because the jury held that his insanity had not been proved. Of course, theories of "brain-storm" and temporary aberration have been bandied back and forth by expert alienists, but the outstanding fact is that he is now free, though still under bonds. Even more to the point, however, has been the attitude of the public toward this slayer of a fellow-man. The verdict of the jury that freed him was received with tumultuous applause. His exit from the court-room was a triumphal progress. At the seashore to which he immediately betook himself he was the recipient of the most flattering attentions, and on his return to his home city he was the object of an ovation such as might have befitted a conquering hero.

And yet what had he ever done that was admirable and praiseworthy? He was notorious for only one thing—the killing of Stanford White. And even if White was guilty of the shameless crimes charged against him, murdering him was an act of private vengeance in which the caprice of an individual superseded the law as supreme judge. What else besides this deed of blood had he done to attract attention? What good cause had he furthered, what high ideals had he advanced, what contribution had he made to the common good, or what philanthropies had been forwarded by the money he possessed in such abundance and spent with such reckless prodigality? What is the psychology of the homage paid him? By what theory shall we explain the evident intention of the crowd to manifest sympathy with the law-breaker in his successful attempt to evade the penalties with which the law threatens those who defy it?

Sentimentality or Justice?

Whatever the explanation, it is this diffused spirit of lawlessness that is abroad, showing itself in an indulgent attitude toward crime and criminals, or in concerted movements to override the processes of legally constituted tribunals, as in the case of Leo Frank, that is ominous. There is nothing nobler in human nature than its capacity for pity, but, like other good things, it is liable to perversion and misdirection. It is right to pity even a criminal, but unless the ethical sanctions which give the legal safeguards of peace and social order their vitality and force are to be overturned, compassion for the criminal must not blind us to the enormity of his crime. It argues a maudlin state of the emotions, too, when pity for the criminal crowds out pity for his victims, or when horror of a particular crime clamors for some object on which to wreak its

vengeance, irrespective of the established guilt or the innocence of the accused.

The student of sociology must reckon with the sentimentality that makes a hero out of a murderer, condones a crime because the criminal is socially prominent or has had a picturesque career, that weeps over felons and keeps their cells filled with flowers, that is willing that offenders go unwhipped of justice, and that signs petitions for their release to become a menace again to society. No better is the lawless agitation that threatens with lynching even the Governor of a State unless he abdicates the functions of his office at the behests of a mob. It has been well said that the criminal and the sentimentalist are at bottom one in their contempt for law and justice, the difference between them being merely that the criminal shows his contempt in one way, the sentimentalist in another.

CONTENTMENT NOT SUPINENESS

There are people who think of contentment as a sort of supine acquiescence—an ox-like insensibility to all kinds of intolerable conditions. If they happen to be numbered among those poor souls who have no dissatisfactions because they have no aspirations, it pleases them to call their stolid indifference the peace of resignation and to esteem their vice a virtue.

On the other hand, there are sincere and aspiring people who sometimes wonder whether they are not wrong in wishing to better their own conditions and the conditions of life around them. They recall the apostolic admonition, "Be content with such things as ye have," and they question whether perhaps they are not violating it and fighting against Providence.

Remediable Conditions

The matter becomes clear, we think, if we carefully distinguish between things that look alike superficially, but are really different. Apostolic precept is to be interpreted by apostolic practice. Take St. Paul, for example. He was in a real sense one of the great iconoclasts of history. All his energies were given to lifting the world out of its old grooves and starting it forward under the propulsion of a new and sovereign power that would progressively make all things new. As for his feelings in regard to his personal attainments — he was filled with a divine discontent. He represented himself as a runner divesting himself of every weight and impediment, and pressing toward a distant goal. On the lips of such a man the precept, "Be content with such things as ye have," could not be a counsel of lazy indifference to progress or of stupid submission to conditions that can be ameliorated.

Christianity is itself a prophecy of better things and a brighter day. It does not destroy normal and natural desires or personal initiative. It kindles expectations and hopes. It has a forward look. It is a summons to battle. It is a crusade against all forms of injustice, a fetter-shattering propaganda. It does not encourage men to lie down submissively under cruel impositions, but inspires them to break the oppressor's yoke and cast his cords from them. To quote from a recent great thinker: "A contented attitude of mind is hardly a supernal grace; it looks more like moral cowardice in the face of a flagrant evil, a downright wrong, an unnecessary burden that can be lightened or modified or quite abolished. There is such a thing as righteous indignation, and whatever fact or state of facts rouses it and wakes up the dissenting conscience to protest, creates a situation where contentment is a crime, and agitation, antagonism, war to the death, if necessary, are divine duties. The world has made its brave headway only by acting on this belief. Only so have brazen imposters and cruel tyrants and oppressive governments and imperiums and absolutisms that have lain like lead and adamant upon subject peoples and well-nigh crushed the life out of them, been cast off, and the nightmare of nations been broken. Verily, the caravan of mankind would not yet have got far on its long pilgrimage had it not been for this restless, tumultuous, impatient, active principle of dissatisfaction with fixtures, institutions, traditions, precedents, no longer workable, that had become too burdensome to bear, that restrained freedom of person, of speech, of trade, of contract, and threatened civil and religious liberty. . . . Indeed, if we look at it narrowly, discontent appears to have been the mother of invention, of discovery, of progress, of improvement and enlargement. It has pulled the world, from age to age, out of conventional ruts, out of obstinate prejudices and the cake of custom, out of ignorance and obscurantism and the brutality of fact, and the grip of immoral power, and the slaveries of different kinds that have shut up men's souls and bodies in prison and riveted them as by 'the wedges of Vulcan.'"

Conditions That Are Inveterate

It is evident, therefore, that the contentment which the gospel seeks to foster in us is not a dull inertia. It does not dissuade us from attempting to better our condition or brand self-help as impious. It does not rebuke a militant spirit in the presence of bad circumstances that can be cured or of wrongs that can be righted.

But there are conditions which we must face that are inveterate. None of us is master of his fate in such absolute fashion that he can determine all the features of his lot. We were not consulted as to the time and place of our birth, or the genealogy in which we came. Our endowments, the quality of our mentality, whether high or low, the material equipment furnished us, whether opulent or meagre, the associations into which we were ushered, whether favoring or hindering—all these things were arranged for us. Some limitations we may be able to surmount and against some adverse forces we may make head. If so, well and good. We are not bound to accept initial disadvantages as life-long and permanent, if we can help it. But it is foolish to suppose that we can alter the nature of things, that having come into our lot by one route we can have just what we would have had if we had come by another; that we can enjoy whatever advantages we have had as a birthright and escape the corresponding disabilities. Our ambitions may transcend our lot. We may look out from it with wistful eyes on prizes that are beyond our reach. They may be attainable by others, and actually attained, rightly and properly too, but they do not lie along the path which in the divine economy and ordering of life it has been ordained that we must travel.

Here, then, is the sphere in which we are to cultivate contentment. "One's duty and happiness alike consist in accepting the providential order when it appears to be absolute, and doing one's best under that rule." In this order it may well happen that our outfit may not be imposing. Our talents may be slender. In our homes there may be no "soft uncertain rustling" of silken curtains and few of the appurtenances of luxury. There may not be many hilltops in our journey. Our way may be, for the most part, in lowly valleys. But the secret of a peaceful heart is to accept it as a road cast up in the ongoings and processes of a world that is under divine direction and control, and to believe and know that we can meet God on it and greet him from it.

—"The best evidences of Christianity are not found in the seminaries, nor in scholarly pulpits, though these have their mission, but out in the common world in lives made over new by the presence within them of Jesus. Let us give people more Jesus, both in our lives and with our lips."

One Town's Experience

The Philadelphia "North American" gives some interesting facts concerning a little Kansas city of 7,000 population that are well worth considering by the towns which feel that they cannot afford to do without the license money that their saloons bring in. The name of the town is Winfield, the county-seat of Cowley county.

"Thirty-five years ago, when the people of Kansas pioneered in progress by voting on a constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture and sale of liquor, Cowley county voted 3,243 for and 840 against the proposition. In Winfield, then a rising young town, the vote for prohibition was almost unanimous. In this respect it led every other town in the state.

"'The fools out here have smothered their future under a blanket of bigotry and hypocrisy,' wrote a certain new resident of the place to his folks back East. But the Winfield people took a different view of the matter. They got together and celebrated the distinction they had conferred on the town. They said it moved the biggest of stumbling-blocks out of the way. Now they could go ahead to work for a better town.

"The other day these same people and a lot of others gathered for another celebration. This time they met in a big Chautauqua tabernacle. On the stage were hundreds of boys and girls; out front thousands of grown-ups. And after an orchestra of youngsters played a selection, Dr. William A. McKeever, of the University of Kansas, one of the foremost experts on child welfare, stood up and handed to the mayor of Winfield a check for $1,000. This was a prize offered by former Governor Stubbs for 'the best city of the second class in Kansas for the rearing of children.' Winfield had won over fifteen competitors.

"For many years we have been asked to judge cities by their slogans. We have been told of places where 'health comes first'; where 'the sun shines nearly every day'; where flourishes 'the world's workshop,' and where 'business is better.' These and the thousand others now are paled into second place by Winfield's 'The Best Kansas Town in Which to Rear Children.'

"Never before, so far as we know, has any community been singled out as furnishing the most favorable environment for the upbuilding of children. And, as Doctor McKeever said when he handed over the prize, this condition did not come about through mere chance. In the estimation of the men and women who constitute the citizenship of the place—for women are citizens in Kansas—it is the 'logical result of the great campaign waged against the nation's greatest curse more than a third of a century ago.'

"As soon as the saloon was voted out, the people felt they could plan benefits for children without running the inevitable risk of having their care and work undone by the vicious influence of booze, which is no respecter of persons. So they equipped their public schools with every advantage, regardless of cost. They started courses in vocal and instrumental music twenty-five years ago. They bought a school farm of ten acres to make practical the teaching of agriculture. They instituted a vacation school in which courses in manual training, sewing and cooking are offered free to all children of school age, and to adults on payment of a nominal tuition. Play is as important as work, so they have specialized on supervised play. A daily program of play, including the regular outdoor sports and use of various apparatus, is supplemented by story hour, basketry, sewing, embroidery, natural science experiments, jack-knife club, kite-flying contests, swimming and hiking trips, and educational moving-picture matinees. As an advanced step which remains to be taken even by most of our large cities, a course in supervised dramatics lately was started. And as evidence of the town's real interest in these matters, we call attention to the fact that one of the commercial club's standing committees is a child-welfare committee.

"In brief, for thirty-five years this Kansas town has been putting into better boys and girls the money it might have put into booze—in 1913, according to census bureau statistics, having spent for schools $6.45 per capita against Philadelphia's $3.82 per capita for the same year."

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College Men in Active Life

The old prejudice against college men as being impractical and unsatisfactory in active business life has largely disappeared, but now and then there is one who, like a certain Western judge, who lately declared that "colleges breed loafers instead of men," believes that the college at best is of doubtful value. The opening of the colleges for the new academic year is not far off, and the insistence of many a young man and woman on a college course is making the value of such training a very practical problem to many a hard-headed father who wants the best things for his children and yet is not convinced that this is best. Girard, writing in the Philadelphia "Public Ledger," deals with the question after the very practical manner of exhibiting results, showing how college graduates, not only now but in the past, have borne a far larger part in the world's activities than those who did not have the same advantages.

"Thirty-two of the fifty-five men who helped make the Constitution for the United States were college men, of whom Princeton educated nine. Seventy per cent of our President and over half our Vice-Presidents went to college. Washington and Lincoln were not college men, but both surrounded themselves with Cabinet officers who were. All but one of Lincoln's great Cabinet were college-bred. Three-fourths of the United States Supreme Court Judges, one-third of all members of the House of Representatives and nearly half of all United States Senators went to college. So it will be seen that in public affairs the men who hold a sheepskin have played a part far beyond their numerical strength.

"Leaders in religion, science, letters and literature included many college men. St. Paul had a college training, and so had Martin Luther, Wesley, Knox and Calvin, Phillips Brooks, T. DeWitt Talmage, Henry Ward Beecher, and scores of famous preachers. Parkman, Bancroft, Motley, Prescott, John Bach McMaster and Woodrow Wilson went through college, as did such scientific men as Agassiz, Dana, Wolsey, Webster and Porter.

"Nearly all of Germany's great scientific men have lived in the shadow of her universities.

"Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, Bryant, Hawthorne and Emerson were a group of writers living at the same time, all of whom were college-trained. Yes, indeed, since John Harvard, a preacher from Cambridge University, England, with his 300 books and 800 pounds sterling, founded America's first college, when the whole of New England had only 4,000 population, American colleges have had nothing to be ashamed of in the army of men and women they produced.

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Dr. Wenner's School Plan to be Tested

Our readers will remember frequent references to the plan of Dr. G. U. Wenner ("Germanicus") for giving religious instruction to school children during school hours, as presented by him before the Federal Council and urged in many papers. The plan, it will be recalled, is the suspension of school during certain hours each week in order that the children may be sent to the churches indicated by their parents, there to be instructed by the minister, priest or rabbi

in charge in the elements of religious faith and duty. "The Continent" reports that this is to be tried in three different sections of New York City — in the Bronx, on Manhattan and in Brooklyn—and Dr. Wenner is to be congratulated that it is to be fairly put to the test.

"In the Bronx it is found that one school has already been observing this idea for a year past. This building has an attendance of 1,600 children, who have been thus dismissed for religious instruction three times each week, eighty minutes in each period. The proposition for the coming autumn is to use this particular school as a center and gather in with it several adjacent schools, covering a district in which the churches of all names are being carefully organized to meet their part of the responsibility. On Manhattan the experiment will be located in the Manhattanville valley, immediately north of Columbia and Union Theological Seminary. The exact location in Brooklyn has not yet been determined.

"Broadly speaking, the choice of localities for this experiment depends upon the schools chosen by the board of education of New York for tests of the 'Gary plan,' which will be applied to a considerable number of schools throughout the city in the coming year. Where this plan is in effect, it is considered that the allotment of time for religious instruction will be much easier. Nevertheless, the promoters of the effort are willing to undertake a trial of their proposal in schools of the ordinary type in case a demand reaches them from any locality where the board of education thinks it feasible to coöperate.

"The committee promoting this effort was formed by a conference held in May at Columbia University, attended by a hundred representatives of the various religious bodies of New York. The chairman is Bishop Courtney of the Episcopalian Church, and the committee includes leading sponsors from practically every denomination and form of faith in the great city. The Presbyterian representative is Dr. H. C. Mendenhall, emeritus pastor of the West Twenty-third Street church. The board of education has met the committee's proposal most cordially. The out-working of the effort will be watched all over the country, for churches in every community of the nation are keenly aware of the importance of the problem thus assailed in New York."

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United States Pharmacopœia Banishes Whisky

Announcement has been made that the United States Pharmacopœia for 1916 will not include in its list of recognized remedies either whisky or brandy. Of course, there are all sorts of charges of fanaticism and narrowness, and correspondingly horrible prophecies of what the result will be and how it will open the door to abuses that cannot exist now, but the fact remains that this banishment means that the highest authority of the nation declares that whisky and brandy are not medicines.

"The average layman reads of the Pharmacopœial Society of America, and passes it up as of no interest to him, until some one calls his attention to its importance. The proceedings of this society have been called the Pharmacopœia, a book or treatise describing drugs and preparations used as medicines in treatment of diseases, when issued by official authority and considered standard. The United States Pharmacopœia was adopted as a standard for the country in the Food and Drug Act of June 30, 1906. It is re-issued every ten years after a national convention of physicians and pharmacists which has the authority of revision. That convention met on June 9, 1915, under the presidency of Dr. Harvey W. Wiley. Among a number of changes made was the elimination from the American Pharmacopœia of brandy and whisky as medicines. The announcement is to go into action on January 1, 1916. This elimination of intoxicants from the official publication of American medicine withdraws them from all authoritative recognition. If, in the future, a physician prescribes brandy or whisky, he does it at his own risk, and may be indicted for professional misconduct in the treatment of a patient and prosecuted for accepting and practicing a spurious therapeutic. The drug traffic of the country is also affected. All druggists in the United States after January 1, 1916, will be compelled to take out a retail liquor license, for these two commodities will be considered no longer drugs, but intoxicants."

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Sabbath Desecration in the Name of Religion

It is strange what absolutely honest and conscientious people will feel justified in doing if it is only for some "worthy cause" which they are advocating. Particularly is this so with reference to Sabbath observance. They may be strict to the point of intolerance with reference to debatable amusements concerning which they have set their own standards, and yet when the more serious and fundamental question of Sabbath observance is involved—a duty which has behind it a divine command — they unquestioningly let down the bars without concern if there appears to be a "religious" reason for it. The old-fashioned camp-meeting with its gathering of the people from miles around, with all the consequent rushing business of the eating stands, and the whole picnic atmosphere, the Sunday trips to hear noted evangelists, or to attend some special service, that so often degenerates into a "sanctified joy-ride"; the holding of services on Sunday "to fill up the schedule," in a trans-continental anti-saloon trip, conducting what would be a perfectly proper and helpful week-day meeting on unchanged lines on Sunday, and selling campaign songs in the churches at the close of the meeting, may all seem very harmless to those who are interested in them, but it is difficult to explain why they are justified and why other Sunday pleasure and Sunday buying and selling are put under the ban. If there is, as there should be, the avoiding of "every appearance of evil," it is just as important that our "good" shall "not be evil spoken of," and a "thou shalt not" of Jehovah comes with an authority that no human judgment can hope to attain.

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Fight on Vice in Chicago

The papers have recently had numerous references to the successful war on vice that has been waged in Chicago. The campaign now in progress with such encouraging evidence of success was begun in 1913 by the Committee of Fifteen, who were then incorporated and are working under the chairmanship of Mr. Henry P. Crowell. One of the most effective methods of their work has proved to be the publishing of the names of the owners of property used for immoral purposes. However willing individuals may be to receive extra rent on account of such use, if they make any pretensions to respectability in the community they are not willing to be known as drawing revenue from such a source, and the publishing of the owners' names has resulted in the closing of hundreds of houses. According to the report for the year ending April 30, there has been a wholesale evacuation of the red-light district, an investigation showing 1,178 vacant apartments which were used almost exclusively for immoral purposes before the beginning of the committee's campaign in 1913. Many real-estate owners and agents have been won to coöperation with the committee, numerous inquiries being received from agents regarding the reputation of prospective tenants. One of the hardest blows dealt the evil traffic was persuading the telephone company to refuse service to houses of bad reputation.

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Church News

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Rev. E. F. A. Hantel, from Halsey to Albany, Ore.

CHURCH BREVITIES

Rev. C. H. Day, of Murphysboro, Ill., is visiting in Pennsylvania during his vacation.

Rev. E. H. Simon, D. D., of Akron, Ohio, is spending his vacation at Hessel, Mich.

Rev. Chas. R. Bowers, Lancaster, Ohio, will spend the month of August at Platte Lake, Beulah, Mich.

St. Mark's church, Atchison, Kans., has extended a call to Rev. Robert S. Patterson, D. D., of Charlotte, S. C.

Plans are being drawn for a new church building for St. John's congregation at Salina, Kans., Rev. B. R. Lantz, pastor.

A landscape artist of Topeka is drawing plans for beautifying and improving the campus of Midland College, Atchison, Kans.

Plans have been adopted for a handsome and complete gymnasium for Midland College. The building is to cost $35,000.

The dedication of a rebuilt pipe-organ took place on July 18th in Windsor Park church, York, Pa., Rev. S. E. Herring, acting pastor.

Rev. J. A. Koser, Sedalia, Mo., has been presented with an automobile by his brother, which he is effectively using in his parish work.

The First church at Topeka, Kans., Rev. M. F. Troxell, D. D., pastor, is undergoing extensive repairs and improvements which are to be completed by October.

A farewell reception was tendered Rev. and Mrs. B. R. M. Sheeder at Clarion, Pa., before they left to enter their new pastorate at Gallitzin.

Rev. Philip H. R. Mullen has resigned as pastor at Freeport, Ill., to accept a call to Swissvale, Pa. He will enter upon his duties at Swissvale on September 8th.

Work on the addition to the Sunday-school room of Keller Memorial church at Washington, D. C., Rev. J. C. Nicholas, pastor, is being pushed to completion for occupancy in the fall.

Rev. J. C. Jacoby, D. D., preached the sermon at an open-air union church service in Wellington, Kans., July 11th, on "Christian Graces," which received commendable notice in the city press.

The paper on "The Elements of Church Strength," read before the Cumberland Valley Conference by Rev. A. D. Potts, D. D., has been printed by request of conference and appears in a booklet of 16 pages.

The Lutheran churches of Kansas City, Mo., and Kansas City, Kans., held a union missionary service on July 25th, when the principal address was made by Miss Jessie Brewer, returned missionary from the India field.

Rev. I. W. Bingaman, pastor of Luther Memorial church, Quincy, Ill., was chosen first vice-president of the State Christian Endeavor Union, at the recent State Christian Endeavor Convention of Illinois, held in Chicago in conjunction with the World's Convention.

IN OTHER LUTHERAN BODIES

Five nurses were graduated from the Deaconess Hospital at Northwood, North Dakota.

New churches of the United Norwegian Synod were recently dedicated at Forman, N. Dak., and at Erdahl, Minn.

A layman has offered to give $20,000 to the Old People's Home at Zelienople, Pa., provided the synod will raise $30,000.

Six of the seven young men graduated from Wartburg College, Clinton, Iowa, have entered the Theological Seminary at Dubuque.

Rev. F. O. Hanson has resigned as field secretary of the Swedish Augustana Synod, and Rev. C. O. Morland was elected to succeed him.

The parsonage of the First Swedish Lutheran church at Moline, Ill., was damaged by fire on July 6th. The amount of the loss is estimated at $2,000.

The Aase Haugen Home for the Aged, located near Decorah, Iowa, was dedicated June 30th. The building cost $40,000 and will accommodate 80 old people.

Rev. Peter Miller, of the United Synod South, is in his 87th year of age, but continues active in the ministry. He is now supplying the pulpit at Wardensville, W. Va.

The Orphan and Old People's Homes at Mars, Pa., celebrated the 22d anniversary on July 11th. There are now 39 orphans and 22 aged persons in the homes.

Rev. P. G. Ostby, of Emmons, Minn., who has served pastorates in the United Norwegian Church for more than forty-five years, has retired from the active ministry.

OVER THE FIELD

New Kensington, Pa. — First church, Rev. U. A. Hankey, D. D., pastor. The corner-stone for the new church was laid Sunday afternoon, June 27th, Rev. Alonzo J. Turkle, of Trinity church, Pittsburgh, preaching the sermon.

Somerset, Pa.—On Sunday, July 18th, Christ Lutheran church, Rev. E. Roy Hauser, pastor, witnessed the largest communion in its history. Six members were received on profession of faith, two by baptism, one by letter and two by renewal. Six children were dedicated to Christ in the sacred rite of baptism. Offering for benevolence, $91.

Middletown, Md.—Rev. W. A. Hartman, pastor. A song service in old Zion church by the joint choirs of the church and that of the Sunday-school of the First church of Frederick, under the very efficient direction of the organist of the Zion church, Mrs. Mary Steckel Burck, attracted an unusually large audience for the summer season. The music was of a high order and splendidly rendered.

Installation at Burkettsville, Md.—The installation service uniting the Rev. N. C. Erdman with the pastorate of the Burkettsville, Md., charge, was attended by a very large and appreciative audience on Sunday, July 18th. The Revs. U. S. G. Rupp, D. D., and Wilmer A. Hartman had charge of the services, the former giving the charge to the pastor and the latter addressing himself to the congregation. The Rev. Lloyd Anderson, of the Reformed congregation of Burkettsville, was present and offered prayer. Rev. Mr. Erdman and his accomplished wife, who have done excellent work in the Swissvale-Pittsburgh pastorate, will find a large and profitable field of activity. He has already taken strong hold of the people and the membership hold him in the highest esteem.

Greenford, Ohio. — Rev. Wm. Hoffman, pastor. On Sunday, July 18th, the mid-summer communion was held, and was quite largely attended. Children's Day program, rendered on the third Sunday evening in June, was a success, the offering for the Orphans' Home being more than double that of the previous year. During the month of July was forwarded the first installment of more than $50 for our benevolence account of the present synodical year. Four members of the teacher-training class who "stuck to it" have successfully passed the examination prescribed by the Publication Society on Part I, Book II, Advanced Course. The fifth member, away to Normal, will take the examination upon her return. Just now all are working to get a Sunday-school library for the school.

Kintnersville, Pa. — The new Möller pipe-organ in the Upper Tinicum church, Rev. S. S. Diehl, pastor, was dedicated on Sunday, July 4th. The church has been very much improved. It was frescoed inside and painted outside; a railing was placed around the chancel and panel-work around the organ platform; new brussels carpet was laid and some other repairs were made. About $3,000 were spent in improving the property and all bills have been paid. The Carnegie Corporation of New York contributed $750 toward the organ, which cost $1,800. The sermon in the morning was preached

by Rev. John H. Diehl, of Rockport, Ind., and in the afternoon by Rev. C. B. Weaver, of Ferndale, Pa. The services were largely attended both morning and afternoon. The organ was dedicated by the pastor. The church property is now in first-class condition, and it is a credit to the people worshiping there.

Installation at South Whitley, Ind.—Rev. Robert A. Helms was formally installed as pastor of the Eberhardt church on Sunday afternoon, July 18th. The charges to the pastor and to the congregation were delivered by Rev. H. A. Ott, D. D.

Several weeks ago Dr. Ott, while preaching at the Eberhardt church, very strongly urged them to purchase a parsonage for their pastor, to be located at South Whitley, the St. Peter's church below South Whitley taking half of the expense. They finally voted to do this providing Dr. Ott would conduct the plea for raising the money. At the close of the installation service he undertook the task of raising $800. Although the audience was small, after a strong effort the sum of $805 was secured, not counting some loose money secured in a passing of the baskets.

The congregation is delighted over their new pastor and prospects. A commodious house and two lots have been purchased at South Whitley, and Rev. Helms is already located in the new parsonage.

Pen-Mar Reunion. — The twenty-ninth annual reunion of Lutherans was held at Pen-Mar on Thursday, July 22d. The day was an ideal one, and the crowd a good-sized one, though with the passing of the years and the multiplication of similar gatherings there seems to be a gradual falling-off in the numbers at this mountain park.

The feature which gave a special attraction to this event was the appearance of the Loysville Orphans Home band with its new outfit of uniforms and instruments. The boys rendered splendid music, and a considerable number of requests were made for their appearance at other places. As the itinerary is limited by the time at the disposal of the band, as well as by the distance they are able to travel, many of these requests must be refused.

Rev. G. W. Enders, D. D., of York, presided, as he has done for many years. The speakers were Rev. A. Stewart Hartman, D. D., Rev. J. A. Singmaster, D. D., and Rev. G. M. Diffenderfer, D. D. Rev. H. N. Fegley, D. D., offered the opening prayer, and Rev. J. B. Markward, D. D., pronounced the benediction. The vocal music was furnished by the Union Male Quartet of York.

Anniversary at Lancaster, Pa.—The services on July 18th, commemorating the fortieth anniversary of the founding of St. Stephen's Lutheran church, and the thirty-fifth anniversary of the pastorate of Dr. Emil Meister, were largely attended and very impressive. At the morning service the preacher of the day, Dr. J. A. Singmaster, spoke on the text, St. Luke xxiv. 29. The choir rendered fine anthems in an impressive manner during the service. At the close of the morning service the pastor was presented with a splendid bouquet of thirty-five white roses and a purse well filled with gold. The pastor responded in an appropriate manner.

The evening services formed the climax in attendance and interest of the services of the day. The musical program was especially fine. All the catechumens who have been confirmed during the thirty-five years who are still alive and in the vicinity, had been especially invited, and were present by the hundreds. Dr. Singmaster again preached, on "The Right Temper and High Aim of a True Life," based on Romans xiv. 19.

The day was a memorable one in the history of St. Stephen's, reflecting much credit upon the faithful pastor and his efficient co-laborers, and giving great promise for a bright future. On Monday evening a reception was held in the Sunday-school rooms.

Dedication at Bellefontaine, Ohio.—Entirely free from debt, the First Lutheran church of Bellefontaine was dedicated to God on Sunday evening, June 27th. The temple of worship is one of the most handsome church structures in the city, containing churchly appointments, acoustic properties above the ordinary, and a beautiful, complete arrangement. The congregations were larger than anticipated and seating room was at a premium.

Pastors of the various churches in the city were seated in the sanctuary—Dr. C. C. Peale, Dr. William L. Barrett, Dr. H. J. Bigley, Rev. F. F. Fenner, Rev. Traverce Harrison and Rev. John Williamson. Entering the sanctuary at the last, after the choir had reached their places, were Dr. S. E. Greenawalt and Dr. Jacob H. Culler, of Springfield, with Dr. Charles E. Rice.

The dedicatory service was conducted by Dr. Charles E. Rice and Dr. Jacob H. Culler. Dr. William L. Barrett, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, pronounced the benediction at night. The sermons both morning and evening were strong in conception, development and delivery. Dr. Charles G. Heckert delivered the address of the morning and Dr. Clarence E. Gardner of the evening. Many valuable gifts and handsome memorial windows were presented to the church.

The Bellefontaine Lutheran congregation was organized in 1848 by the Rev. John B. Hoffman in the home of John Horn, Sr. In the year 1842 the Rev. Mr. J. G. Harris became the pastor, and later the Rev. J. B. Hoffman served for the second time. He served but a short time and was followed by the Rev. J. P. Brickley, and under this good man the first church building was erected. This pastor was followed by the Rev. J. W. Goodlin, D. D., as pastor here for eight years. He was succeeded by the Rev. J. F. Reinmand, who served for two years. Dr. Goodlin then became pastor for the second time, and at that period served for three years and four months. After he left, the Rev. L. M. Kuhns came, during whose pastorate the first parsonage was built. Dr. S. F. Breckenridge was the next pastor, and following him, on March 5, 1872, was the Rev. J. F. Shearer, followed by the late Rev. W. H. Singley, D. D. During the pastorate of Dr. Singley the second church building was erected. The Rev. W. E. Hull succeeded Dr. Singley, and he was in Bellefontaine for four years as pastor, being succeeded by Rev. S. S. Adams, who served the church here four years and eleven months. Dr. S. E. Greenawalt was the next pastor, and he was succeeded by the present pastor, Dr. C. E. Rice, who came to this city to assume the church duties on November 1, 1908. The church membership has increased, the Missionary Society attendance has increased, the best kind of activities have prevailed and perfect harmony has reigned. The church is in splendid condition.

Mount Hermon Federate School of Missions.—The Federate School of Missions held its ninth annual sessions at beautiful Mount Hermon, Cal., in the Santa Cruz Mountains July 12th to 17th of this year. Among the English Lutherans who have been recent visitors to Mount Hermon have been Rev. W. E. Crouser, D. D., Mrs. W. E. Crouser, Miss Rose Flathman, Mrs. Nathan R. Graves and Rev. Harvey M. Leech. The English Lutherans are one of the seven denominations now federated in Mount Hermon Federate School of Missions. The English Lutherans who are on the interdenominational committee of the Mount Hermon School of Missions are: Mrs. J. E. Hoick, Mrs. W. E. Crouser, Mrs. A. Jatho and Miss Rose Flathman.

The Home Mission text-book, "Home Missions in Action," was taught daily this year in our Federate Summer School by Mrs. Hallie Linn Hill, of New York City, a fine teacher with thorough information in regard to home mission matters. The Foreign Mission text-book, "The King's Highway," by Mrs. Helen Barrett Montgomery, was taught by Miss Winifred Willard, of Denver, who brought us a fund of information in regard to India, Ceylon, China, Burma, etc. Mrs. Paul Raymond, author of "The King's Business," conducted a normal study class, the text-book used being "Rising Churches in Non-Christian Lands."

Various missionaries from different countries gave addresses or brief speeches. Dr. Frederick Goodsell, returned missionary from Turkey, donned Arab costume one evening and gave an illustrated stereopticon lecture on Turkey. Mrs. Florakel Rosenberger, missionary from 1910-1914 at Ram Allah ("Hill of God"), ten miles from Jerusalem and within sight of Bethel, spoke on "The Challenge of Islam." Rev. Cyril Ross, missionary from Korea, soon to return there with his wife, spoke one evening briefly, showing us some stereopticon pictures of Korea. Mrs. J. C. Alter, formerly missionary among the Omaha Indians, and also for five years missionary with her husband among the Piute and Wasco Indians at Warm Springs, Oregon, spoke one evening, showing some stereopticon pictures. A remarkable speaker whom we had the pleasure of hearing four times was Mrs. Kate Waller Barrett, M. D., D. S., who is an expert on immigration, has visited Europe seventeen times, has been at the San Francisco Exposition for five months, speaking eighty-nine times, and who, as a representative of the government, has had the unique distinction of having been the only woman whom the United States ever sent to Europe to study immigration. Truly, a Federate School of Missions is a great place to obtain information from the ends of the earth.

MARY E. BAMFORD,
Press Secretary.

[*Additional Church News on pp. 18, 20*]

—Ease of mind! I think I know what you mean. God became everything to you as the world became nothing.—Anon.

HONOR ROLL

Churches That Have Increased Pastor's Salary

650. Trinity church, Wheeling, W. Va.
651. Trinity church, Grand Rapids, Mich.
652. Trinity church, Johnstown, Pa.
653. Salem charge, Dover, Pa.
654. Grace church, Elkhart, Ind.
655. Lutheran charge, Summerhill, Pa.
656. Augsburg church, Chicago, Ill.
657. Lutheran charge, Liberty, Pa.
658. Lutheran church, Clearfield, Pa.
659. Gilead church, Center Brunswick, N.Y.
660. Calvary church, Chicago, Ill.
661. First church, New Kensington, Pa.
662. Memorial church, Nevada, Iowa.
663. Trinity church, Berwick, Pa.
664. Lutheran charge, Seven Valleys, Pa.
665. St. Mark's church, Albion, Ind.
666. St. Matthew's church, Hanover, Pa.
667. Trinity church, Keyser, W. Va.
668. Lutheran charge, York Springs, Pa.
669. Trinity church, Camp Hill, Pa.
670. Trinity church, Beatrice, Neb.
671. Christ church, Harrisburg, Pa.
672. Lutheran charge, Irving, Ill.
673. Mt. Bethel charge, Stone Church, Pa.
674. Augsburg church, Harrisburg, Pa.
675. Lutheran church, Orangeville, Ill.
676. Trinity church, Chambersburg, Pa.
677. St. Peter's church, Reading, Pa.
678. Luth. church, New Germantown, N. J.
679. Grace church, Monongahela, Pa.
680. Zion church, New Germantown, N. J.
681. First church, Bridgeport, Conn.
682. St. Paul's church, Hillsboro, Ill.
683. Trindle Spring, Mechanicsburg, Pa.
684. Elias church, Emmitsburg, Md.
685. ———?

Martinsburg, Pa.—The 13th of June was a day of special interest to the people of St. Matthew's church, Martinsburg, Pa., when their new pastor, the Rev. W. W. Frey, was installed. The people showed their interest in the event by coming out in large numbers despite the inclement weather. At the morning service the Rev. Harry S. Ernest, of Tarentum, Pa., delivered the charge to the pastor. In the evening the Rev. H. E. Berkey, of Roaring Springs, Pastor Frey's neighbor, charged the congregation.

Rev. Frey took charge of this parish the beginning of May, during which time he has won the admiration and affection of this people, injected new life into the congregation, and greatly increased the attendance at both Sunday-school and church services. The people have rallied to his help and are hopeful for a successful era for St. Matthew's. With the spirit of good-will and coöperation manifest between pastor and people, under the guidance of Pastor Frey we are confident their hope will be realized. E.

Pastors' Fund Offerings—Report No. 1.—About 65,000 envelopes were sent out, filling nearly 400 requests from pastors. Offerings have not all been taken, because of other services interfering. Many congregations are arranging for the special offering in September after vacations are over. The results thus far are very gratifying. It is hoped that next year we shall have a patriotic service for distribution in Sunday-schools and congregations willing to make a special offering for this purpose. Treasurers in congregations please send amount of offerings to your synodical treasurer, marked "For Endowment." It will not be credited on apportionment, but will be reported in the Pastors' Fund column as "excess."

Synodical treasurers please send endowment money to Treasurer J. B. Downing, or the general secretary, in separate check, marked "For Endowment."

Twenty congregations reported up to July 17th total offerings of $900; Bible classes and Brotherhoods, $1,005; individual subscriptions, $3,000—total $4,905.

Gratefully acknowledged by the Board,

G. M. DIFFENDERFER,
General Secretary.

Carlisle, Pa., July 17, 1915.

Dedication at York, Pa.—On Sunday, July 18th, $2,530.73 was raised at the dedication of the rebuilt and enlarged Messiah Lutheran church, York, Pa. Only $700 remains to be provided for.

The lot cost $1,475, and the rebuilding and enlarging cost $3,095.96 — total cost, $4,570.96. Of this amount, $1,340.23 had been previously paid. Rev. Dr. H. H. Weber, general secretary of the Board of Church Extension, preached in the morning and had charge of the service of offerings.

The pews in the basement and the altar cover are a gift from Zion Lutheran church; pulpit scarfs and Bible-markers the gift of Mrs. Katie Shellenberger.

All the services of the day were largely attended. The Sunday-school rally in the afternoon was addressed by Revs. Peter Livingston, C. F. Jacobs, Albert Bell, Dr. Feldman, Dr. F. G. Gotwald, E. Manges and Dr. Weber, visiting ministers of the city.

In the evening was the Luther League rally and the special dedicatory services. Rev. John Jay Hill, D. D., president of the West Pennsylvania Synod, preached the dedicatory sermon, his theme being "The Strength and Beauty of the Sanctuary"; text, Ps. xcvi. 6. After this Dr. Hill, together with the pastor, Rev. J. H. Keller, dedicated the church. A special feature of the entire services was the fine musical program given by the choir, under the leadership of Prof. Jacob Geesey.

The church is imposing and beautiful. It formerly was located at Green Hill. On April 6th it was razed and brought in to the present site. It has been rebuilt and enlarged, handsomely painted, electric lighted, steam heated, beautified with art-glass windows, newly carpeted, and new chancel furnishing installed, pulpit, lecture altar, with appropriate covers, scarfs and trimmings. The chancel appointments and arrangements are most beautiful. The whole church is beautiful in style and churchly in appearance.

Rev. J. H. Keller, the popular pastor, has done splendid work, and deserves the good will and support of the community. The church is now located where it can accomplish great things for our beloved Lutheran Church. LITTLESTOWN.

APPEALS FOR GERMAN MISSIONS

The following letter from Dr. John Aberly will give all interested a better idea of the condition of our German missions and their needs than has yet been printed. We hope all our friends will answer this appeal by an early offering to this worthy cause.—[GENERAL SECRETARY B. F. M.]

"BANGALORE, INDIA, MAY 22, 1915.

REV. L. B. WOLF, D. D.,
Sec'y Board of Foreign Missions,
21 West Saratoga St., Baltimore, Md.,
U. S. A.

Dear Dr. Wolf: To-day I sent you a telegram, 'Need fifteen hundred dollars June.' Hope it will reach you and the money be forthcoming. I am at Bangalore at time of writing. I want to take this opportunity of writing somewhat more in detail.

First, I am sending you enclosed statement from beginning of January. You will see where our money has come from and where we sent it. Early in our committee's operations the Edinburgh Continuation Committee sent to India money, of which the National Missionary Council sent us Rs. 4,000. You will notice that we sent this to the Chota Nagpur Bishop for Gossner in addition to what we give. Other items in receipts and expenditures explain themselves. Our monthly obligations are becoming more definite. They are now these:

All the evangelistic work of the Brecklum Mission	Rs. 1,700—0—0
Catechists' Seminary at Tranquebar	700—0—0
Gossner Mission, Chota Nagpur	1,200—0—0
Gossner Mission, Ganges	300—0—0
Salur Secondary School	100—0—0
Total	Rs. 4,000—0—0
or	$1,300.00

This is regular. Occasionally we get a special appeal for help. We helped some families to go to the hills where health required it, but Rev. Maclean writes to me that the Provincial Council fund will cover that. We also promised another Rs. 500 before the end of the year to Basel to help families of Indian workers who cannot get along on their reduced salaries. This, too, may be available here. As far as I can see now, if we get monthly $1,500 we can handle our part of the situation. And what we do is all to keep up work. Rev. Neudoeffer has toured over Brecklum's field just recently. He writes most encouragingly. The work will go on if we can give them this lift. No schools are kept up except the Secondary School at Salur. We do this at Mr. Schultze's request. Our strong reason is that it is so hard for missions to get secondary schools recognized, that if we allow it to pass into other hands we may never get it again. Tranquebar Catechists' Seminary would be closed but for our help. The Nayadupeta Industrial School has been reopened under Mr. Spangler's management. We may have to help some there. Gossner has had the hardest time. I now learn that Rs. 5,200 is promised them monthly from home. But what is that for so large a mission? The Bishop of Chota Naypur has been giving them, through funds from England and India, about Rs. 4,000 monthly. The least we can do is to give them Rs. 1,500. The National Missionary Council secretary writes that they expect funds from America to help them, but they have not yet come. So much for relief. I hope it makes plain the situation. About a matter concerning our own mission I write on a separate sheet.

Again let me urge that our churches do their duty toward these missions. It is much lighter than we thought. But unless changes unexpectedly intervene, fifteen hundred dollars a month is what we absolutely need.

With kindest regards,
Sincerely yours,
[Signed] JOHN ABERLY."

Devotional and Practical

MY MASTER

I had walked life's path with an easy tread,
Had followed where comfort and pleasure led;
And then by chance in a quiet place
I met my Master, face to face.

With station and rank and wealth for a goal,
Much thought for the body, but none for the soul,
I had entered to win in life's mad race,
When I met my Master, face to face.

I had built my castles, and reared them high,
Till their towers had pierced the blue of the sky;
I had sworn to rule with iron mace,
When I met my Master, face to face.

I met him and knew him and blushed to see
That his eyes, full of sorrows, were fixed on me;
And I faltered and fell at his feet that day,
While my castles melted and vanished away;

Melted and vanished, and in their place
I saw naught else but my Master's face;
And I cried aloud: "O, make me meet
To follow the marks of thy wounded feet!"

My thought is now for the souls of men.
I have lost my life to find it again,
E'er since alone in that holy place
My Master and I stood, face to face.
—Author Unknown.

IS IT WORTH WHILE TO BE RELIGIOUS?

One would never think of raising such a question, but for the fact that numbers of people nowadays, especially among the young, are answering it, and answering it in the negative, writes Rev. James I. Vance, D. D., in the "Christian Intelligencer."

It is an easy reply to the situation to say that the human heart is deceitful and desperately wicked, therefore religion is repudiated. Some good folks have a comfortable way of explaining anything for which they do not want to be blamed by citing the doctrine of original sin. Man undoubtedly has a depraved nature, but is he not also religious? Has original sin ever been to him an insuperable bar to the acquisition of a religious experience? Must we not then look beyond our dogma of original sin for an explanation of the multitudes to-day whose lives seem utterly empty of a religious motive?

People are not taking it for granted, as was once taken for granted, that the normal life for any human being, whether man or woman, young or old, is the religious. There are vast numbers of young people in every community who not only do not belong to the church, who never brighten church doors with their genial presence, but who, on their own admission, never pray, regarding it as a waste of time, and who look upon the whole subject of religion as a bit of senseless mummery. And many of them seem to get along very comfortably in the business of life. They appear happy. They keep straight. They make friends. They prosper in business. They say that they do not miss the absence of the religious motive. Then why be religious? Is it necessary? Is it even desirable? This is an alarming situation, and one which should give the deepest concern to all who have at heart the faith of their fathers.

There is one thing which must be said on the side of the irreligion of many of the young people of the present generation. It is not as easy for the youth of the present generation to be religious as for some that have preceded.

The reason for this is that many of them have not been started right. No one has taken the trouble to start them right, to teach them what every child should know about God and life and the hereafter. Both the home and the school have lost the atmosphere of devotion, and Sabbath-school instruction usually lasts but half an hour a week, and even then is not always instruction.

We are at great pains to train the bodies and develop the minds of our children, but their souls we leave to vegetate and grow as a weed. We get stirred up over eugenics, which is the latest fad, and which, if taken in broken doses, may cure some of our social diseases; but there is something far more important for both the individual and society than eugenics. It is spiritualics. Man will be a soul a long time after he has ceased to have a body; and it "takes a soul to lift a body."

Nevertheless, there are multitudes of children to-day whose souls have never been given a chance to become anything. Their parents treat them as little pagans. There are homes without a family altar, and the parents in these homes are too busy making money and enjoying life to exercise their priestly functions. Memorizing Scriptures, hymns and the catechism has dropped into innocuous desuetude, and with all this has perished the religious character of the home. No greater hurt could be inflicted on a child than for its parents thus deliberately to rob it of its birthright.—Ex.

LIFE'S HISTORY A GROWTH

It is of the greatest importance that we should grasp the fact that life's history is a growth, that the last part is affected by the first. You resisted a motion of God's Spirit last night; that at least facilitates further resistance to-night. You indulge yourself once in a known sin; then you will be more easily overpowered by the second temptation and again more easily by the third.

This is all but too familiar, but it is terribly true. A Christian omits some portion of spiritual exercises, of prayer or of the study of the Word. The omission will grow upon him. He will omit more to-morrow, and more the next day, and more the next.

Thus under this law of our being everything brings forth after its kind, and thus the sinner through the whole history of his experience, passing on across the wastes of worldliness and obduracy and impenitence; passing, as he does, to successive stages of indifference to God and foolhardiness and recklessness, may easily find that not one fact of his record stands alone. They are all linked together in the relation of cause and effect, and the last chapter is the outcome of all the preceding.—James Brand, D. D.

SAY KIND WORDS NOW

Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier by them; the kind things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffins, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them.

If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary and troubled hours, and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. I would rather have a plain coffin without a flower, a funeral without a eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy.

Let us learn to anoint our friends beforehand for their burial. Post-mortem kindness does not cheer the troubled spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over life's weary way.—W. D. Boyce, in "Pacific Christian Advocate."

CHURCH NEWS

Philadelphia, Pa.—At a meeting of the Lutheran Board of Publication, held July 22d, the following minute was unanimously adopted:

"IN MEMORIAM—PRESTON K. ERDMAN

"Born October 28, 1848, in Center Valley, Lehigh county; a student at Wyoming Seminary, Kingston, Pa., until he entered the sophomore class in Pennsylvania College in the fall of 1865; faithful in his studies; second-honor man of his class and the valedictorian at his graduation; then a teacher for one year in the high school, Allentown, Pa. In 1870 he was admitted to the bar of Philadelphia, where he continued in active practice. A diligent student and faithful worker, representing large interests, he grew into the notice and appreciation of the bar and the courts. He was a member and officer of Trinity Lutheran church, Germantown, Rev. Dr. Luther DeYoe, pastor; director of the Lutheran Board of Publication; director of the Y. M. C. A. of Philadelphia; interested in movements of the Church, and especially in the efforts to combine the two papers into one under the management of our Board. During the last days of his life he gave much thought to the solution of the problems which are occupying the attention of the Board. On Sunday, July 11th, he sat down in a comfortable chair in his library to read and rest, and fell asleep to awake in the better land. Such is the record of Preston K. Erdman—a man reserved to those who did not know him, but appreciated by his intimate friends for his manliness, his judgment and his helpful nature. We will miss him and his wise counsel in this Board, and at this time especially when we need wisdom and guidance. He leaves a widow and one son and two daughters, who will miss his wise counsel and his solicitude for their welfare.

"We extend our heartfelt sympathy to his family in this time of sorrow, and pray for the presence and blessing of him who has promised to be a "father to the fatherless and a husband to the widow."

LUTHER LEAGUE OF PENNSYLVANIA

The twenty-second annual convention of the Luther League of Pennsylvania, which met in Johnstown, July 20th to 22d, has passed into history as one of the most successful meetings of the state organization. The royal welcome by the Lutherans of Johnstown seemed to place the two hundred delegates in the position of being ready to receive all the good and helpful things that was in store for them when the program was taken up for consideration.

The first session on Tuesday afternoon opened with the Rev. Charles M. Teufel in charge of the devotional exercises. Rev. Robert D. Clare, pastor of the First Lutheran church, in which all the sessions were held, made a few remarks, giving the delegates a hearty welcome to Johnstown. The report of the president and executive committee showed that much work had been accomplished during the past year. The treasurer's report stated that the receipts for the past year were $1,765.78, and disbursements $1,628.65, of which over $1,000 had been paid the Luther League of America for its work. The statistician reported there are 13,519 senior and 3,913 junior members connected with the state organization through the local Leagues.

The opening address of the convention was given by the Rev. Lewis C. Manges, D. D., on the theme of the convention, "The Lutheran Church—a Church of Convictions."

The church was crowded at the second session held on Tuesday evening to hear a strong discourse, after the vesper service, by the Rev. Harry E. Clare, his subject being, "Our Church's Convictions Concerning Her Task." Following the service there was an informal reception for those in the audience, when the State League officers and Johnstown Lutheran pastors met all the people.

"The Luther League a Training School for Leadership in the Church," was the subject of the address of the session on Wednesday morning, delivered by Rev. Prof. J. A. Singmaster, D. D.

In the afternoon there were three departmental institutes: "Junior Work," an illustrated talk by the Rev. A. T. Michler; "Senior Work," conducted by W. H. Menges; and "Conference on Organization," conducted by P. Walter Banker. These institutes proved to be one of the most popular features of the convention, and from the discussion at these and the one held on Thursday afternoon, showed that the delegates were interested in this phase of the convention and work of the League.

Declaring that the trouble with what he termed "peripatetic evangelists" is that they are all trying to get up a revival on the principle that rainstorms are produced by the roar of cannon and the smoke of guns, the Rev. J. Bradley Markward, D. D., stirred a large audience at the Wednesday evening session. Dr. Markward's subject was "Our Church's Convictions Concerning Her Methods."

The Rev. Chas. L. Fry, D. D., was the speaker at the Thursday morning session, his subject, "The Binding Power of Mission Study in Our Luther League Work," being well covered in his address.

The afternoon proved most interesting, the session being a "Free Conference—Luther League Problems," conducted by Harry Hodges. After the adjournment of this session the delegates were treated to an automobile ride to various points of interest by the Lutherans of Johnstown.

The closing session of the convention was the grand rally on Thursday evening, with the address by the Rev. I. Chantry Hoffman, he having the subject, "On to the Work."

The officers elected to serve for the next year are: President, Chas. W. Fuhr; vice-president, Harry Hodges; secretary, Miss Jane M. Truxel; assistant secretary, Miss Marion V. Hirzel; treasurer, M. Haller Frey; statistician, Francis C. Lupold.

The place for the next state convention was not selected, invitations having been received from Reading and Thiel College, Greenville, Mercer county. The executive committee will decide where the next convention will meet.

M. HALLER FREY, *Reporter.*

Love comforts, strengthens, helps and saves us all;
What opportunities of good befall
To make life sweet and fair.

—Celia Thaxter.

The Family

DREAMERS

BY JOAQUIN MILLER

Ah, there be souls none understand,
Like clouds, they cannot touch the land,
Drive as they may by field or town.
Then we look wise at this, and frown,
And we cry "Fool!" and cry "Take hold
Of earth, and fashion gods of gold!"

Unanchored ships, that blow and blow,
Sail to and fro, and then go down
In unknown seas that none shall know,
Without one ripple of renown;
Poor, drifting dreamers, sailing by,
That seem to only live to die.

Call these not fools; the test of worth
Is not the hold you have of earth.
Lo, there be gentlest souls, sea-blown,
That know not any harbor known,
And it may be the reason is
They touch on fairer shores than this.

CHILDREN AND ENCYCLOPEDIAS

Some years ago a group of children had learned that the "Encyclopedia Britannica" was a store-house of all kinds of interesting information, and if you wanted to know anything about a given subject, that was a good place to seek the information. They happened to read an interesting article on the subject of chess and chess-players. They had never seen chess-men, nor did they know the slightest thing about the game.

Interest being aroused, one of them suggested finding out more about it. They got down the "Britannica" and found the article on chess, found it could be played on a checkerboard which they had, devised impromptu chess-men, and learned the game from that article by simply taking one statement after another and working it out. They all play chess with pleasure and considerable skill, and not less so because of the rather unique way in which the knowledge was acquired.

What interested me, however, was not that they had learned to play chess, but that they had learned to play a far more important and useful and, to me, more exciting game, namely, the pursuit of knowledge. Nor was it strange that at a later period, when it came to laying out a tennis-court, they got the proper dimensions from the same source.

Now, the significance of all this is not that they got the facts they wanted. But they had so organized themselves and their resources and had so familiarized themselves with at least one tool of knowledge that they had made their own a scholastic method which is daily employed in every scholar's study in the land.

It was not strange that one of the children who did this, afterward, when he had an enforced hour of "study" in the high school, spent it getting stores of interesting information from the cyclopedias, and that two of these children prepared for a

certain history examination by simply reading the cyclopedia articles, having, of course, previously had their minds generally familiarized with the broad outlines of the subject.

Of course, at first blush, it seems somewhat uncanny and unfitting to see a rather small child struggling with a big cyclopedia. But is it any more uncanny, except for habit and association, than to see a small child with a big express wagon or a big tricycle or any other object twice as big as itself?

The fact is that we have accustomed ourselves to imagining that the child mind must be kept in the region of the trivial, stupid, and foolish, and have oftentimes rigorously excluded all the serious things which not only would prove as natural as the others to the child, but far more interesting. The latter have a far greater natural relation to the growing child intellect, and the capacity and desire for self-expression and self-organization which every healthy child feels. There is no doubt about this whatever. All that it usually wants is opportunity and intelligent guidance. The child will usually do the rest, and supply the natural suggestion for the next step in any given direction. —Prof. Adolf A. Berle, D. D., in "The School and the Home."

GENERAL GRANT AND THE CONFEDERATE WOMAN

There are many little incidents in General Grant's life which went to show that underneath a certain brusqueness of manner he carried a very warm and generous heart.

General Logan, who was with him at Holly Springs, Mississippi, relates a story about him which is particularly interesting.

General Forrest, the Confederate cavalry leader, had just captured a train of supplies, and General Grant had issued an order to his men to scour the country for twenty miles round in order to get food for his troops. The country had already been swept pretty clean, and the new demands brought a good deal of hardship on the people of the neighborhood. At many of the homes there were only women, old men, children and faithful colored servants. These people, hungry and without money to buy provisions, were often forced to apply to the Northern army in their distress. Food was always given them if they would take the oath of allegiance to the United States.

One day a rickety carriage drew up before General Grant's headquarters, and from it alighted an elderly woman and her colored driver. The woman was admitted to the tent, and the servant stood just inside the tent flap. Only a few words were necessary to explain matters. The woman's home had been ravaged by troops, both blue and gray, and she and her servants needed food. The soft-voiced woman spoke of her humiliation at having to beg for food, and added that she made the request more for her servants than for herself. "I am willing to suffer anything for the South," she said, "but I can't see our people starve."

An officer who had charge of such cases told the woman that she should have food if she would sign the oath of allegiance.

"I cannot do that," she said. "My husband and three sons are fighting under the Confederate flag. I thank you, sir, for listening to me."

The woman turned to leave. General Grant, who had been writing at a table in one corner of the tent, glanced up from his papers. He called to the negro:

"Sam, did you ever hear of Abraham Lincoln?"

"Yessuh, gen'ral."

"Do you know that he is trying to free you colored people?"

"Yessuh, Ah knows it."

"Are you willing to take sides with Abraham Lincoln—to take the oath of allegiance to the United States?"

"Yessuh, gen'ral, Ah's willin' ter do dat."

General Grant turned to the officer who had talked with the woman. "Administer the oath to Sam," he said, "and give him the provisions. See that he gets plenty."

The rickety old carriage, with its escort of soldiers, passed through the Union lines a short time afterward laden to the seats with provisions, and Sam, probably thinking less of his oath than of the supper to come, grinned from ear to ear as he urged the two mules to a faster gait.—Ex.

—No less a man than Archdeacon Sinclair has been drawing public attention to unwholesome and vicious reading. He says that the passion for mere pleasure has invaded the sphere of duty; that parents do not now carefully scan books which young people read, and that an enormous amount of pernicious literature, both in books and magazines, has flooded the market. Cheap novelettes that not only supply no high impulses for duty, but present false ideas and ideals of life and character, are frequently tainted with the poison of vicious suggestion and destroy an appetite for a better class of books. We need a missionary effort carried on in this direction.

august
furniture sale

August First our greatly enlarged furniture department throws open the broadest doors to real saving opportunities that we've ever been able to offer.
This department, with its comprehensive stock of high-grade furniture, may well be termed "Pittsburgh's Best."
For quality furniture, we boast — and rightfully, too — the lowest prices prevailing at all times. During August, however, former "prevailing prices" are disregarded in our desire to make record-breaking sales.
Make your selections early. If you desire, we'll hold any articles purchased during the August Furniture Sale for future delivery.

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Home and Farm

AFTERGLOW

Never a sigh through the livelong day,
Never a sigh;
But a laughing face and a cup of joy
As the hours flew by.
But where the peace that follows grief,
When the morrow's light has brought relief,
If never a sigh?

Never a task through the livelong day,
Never a task;
And for kindly rest by labor won
No need to ask.
But where the peace when, work all done,
We sit and rest at set of sun,
If never a task?

Never to part through the livelong day,
Never to part;
But to walk together in weal or woe
With gladsome heart;
But where the peace that follows pain,
When severed souls have met again,
If never to part?

Never a prayer through the livelong day,
Never a prayer;
But all things granted, and all things won,
And a truce to care.
But where the peace that comes from heaven,
With blessing sought and daily given,
If never a prayer?

Never a cross through the livelong day,
Never a cross;
But all things right that are now all wrong,
All gain, no loss;
But where the peace our days might hold
With heaven's love ours, when earth's grows cold,
If never a cross? —Selected.

BEING MY OWN GUEST

Did you ever, Madam Housekeeper, play at being your own guest, and sleep in your own guest-room?

I did, just once, and have always been thankful that I endured (I do not say "enjoyed") that experience, and had an opportunity to "do a few things" before another guest arrived.

I decided that I would be a "weary" guest, who wishes to retire to her room early in the evening. I was also an "unexpected" guest, and before going downstairs as hostess, to return in the rôle of a guest, I gave the room the hurried last look of a busy housewife who, when soap and towels are in place and the pincushion well filled, thinks the room is in order.

With a weary "Good-night" to the amused members of my family, who trusted that I should "sleep well," I entered the room as my own guest. After unpacking my bag, which I had previously filled with the things that a one-night guest ordinarily brings with her. I turned my attention to the first problem. Coming up the stairs I had stepped on the braid of my gown, and torn off quite a strip. My first impulse was to go to my own room and make repairs; but no! such an accident might happen to any guest, and I would act accordingly. I looked about the guest-room. Not a sewing-basket in sight. (Item No. 1—Provide a sewing-basket.)

Not being one of those travelers who carry all their possessions with them, I had no thread-and-needle case with me; so I turned to the pincushion. There I found only common pins, not even a black one to make the mishap less obtrusive. (Item No. 2—Black pins, all sizes.)

Being, like many a genuine traveler, too restless to go at once to bed, I looked around for something to read until I became drowsy, but not a book or a magazine was there in the room. I had always supposed that my guest went to bed to sleep, and it had never occurred to me that a guest-room should have a few magazines and books, several good novels, one or two devotional books, and a clear-print Bible. (In my own experience away from home I have found that many a guest-room lacks the last-named. In this selection of books and magazines, masculine tastes as well as feminine should be catered to. (Item No. 3—Books and magazines.)

So I made ready for bed, early though it was. I had always prided myself on one point—my mattresses were all of the best make and material; so with a complacent smile I climbed in. *What* was that noise? A squeak arose from the spring beneath, and quavered the length of the scale and back again, a squeak that in varying degrees made itself evident all night long whenever I made the least turn in bed. (Item No. 4—Fix that spring.)

Just as I was dropping off to sleep, a sound aroused me which at first I could not locate. Then I remembered that loose board in the bathroom, adjoining the guest-room, which I had myself stepped on so many times that its musical response had fallen on deaf ears. From a new angle, however, and that as though with the ears of a tired guest, it had an entirely different sound. (Item No. 5—Fix squeak No. 2.)

It grew very cold during the night, and I made the discovery that a down puff must be provided, in addition to the extra pair of blankets that I had always supposed sufficient for that room. (Item No. 6—Down puff.)

How I missed my hot water in the morning!—our guests never sharing with the family in the use of the bathroom—and I made up my mind that hereafter, as soon as I heard my guest stirring, I would tap at the door with a pitcher of boiling water, or else leave my thermos bottle in the room the night before. (Item No. 7—Hot water.)

The above-named are things that occurred to me in connection with my own guest-room. Others may suggest themselves to you.

Many guests prefer to sleep in a darkened room. An extra set of dark-green shades is useful in this connection.

A pitcher of water (iced in the summer-time) and a glass have made many a guest happy, while a cracker-jar, well filled, has helped to ward off a sleepless night, especially if the guest was too tired on arrival to care for food.

A supply of coat-hangers and skirt-hangers in the closet is always acceptable, even for the one-night guest.

Of one thing I am sure: Guests may come and guests may go; but I know that in the future, as they depart from my home, they will carry with them pleasanter memories than they would had I not been my own guest for one night.—C. E. World.

CARE OF BOOKS

Even to those who are most careful and particular with their loved and treasured libraries, accidents will happen, and the human bookworm is at his or her wits' end to remove the difficulty, which threatens perhaps to ruin forever of one or more of the choicest volumes. An English magazine lately published the following items, which will probably be found useful by any librarian:

To Remove Ink Stains from Books. —A small quantity of oxalic acid, diluted with water, applied with a camel's-hair pencil and blotted with blotting-paper will, with two applications, remove all traces of the ink.

To Remove Grease Spots. — Lay powdered pipe-clay each side of the spot and press with an iron as hot as the paper will bear without scorching.

To Remove Iron Mold. — Apply first a solution of sulphuret of potash and afterwards one of oxalic acid. The sulphuret acts on the iron.

To Kill and Prevent Bookworms. —Take one-half ounce of camphor, powdered like salt, one-half ounce bitter almond, mix well, and spread on the book-shelves. Renew every six months.

To Polish Old Bindings. — Thoroughly clean the leather by rubbing with a piece of flannel; if the leather is broken, fill the holes with a little paste; beat up the yolk of an egg

and rub it well over the covers with a piece of sponge; polish it by passing a hot iron over.

Do not allow books to be very long in too warm a place; gas affects them very much, Russia leather in particular.

Do not let books get damp or they will soon mildew, and it is almost impossible to remove it.

Books with clasps or raised sides damage those near them on the shelves.—Inland Printer.

GOOD DINNERS SENT BY PARCEL POST

In "Farm and Fireside," a contributor describes the activities of a Western man and his wife, who are making a living by sending food from the country to city customers. In packing-cases they send plump young broilers, flanked on one side by perfectly made cheese and on the other by a bottle of Jersey cream. In addition, the following vegetables are included: green corn, young potatoes, green beans, and shelled peas. Raspberries and other fruits are also sent in season. The author of the article goes on as follows:

"Why isn't this a fine opportunity for any woman who loves to make things grow, and who owns or is able to rent a small place in the first or second zone from the city?

"It is so hard at present to procure competent farm labor that many farmers would gladly rent their small tenant-houses, which formerly were used for farm-hands to live in and are now vacant, and a small tract of land with them. This little house may be made quite cozy, and by the judicious use of fertilizers the few acres will produce wonderfully. An agreement should be made for the privilege of renting the ground for a fixed number of years, so that the labor and expense of setting small fruit need not be lost by the termination of the lease.

"Such things as blackberries, raspberries and strawberries bring in quick returns. All kinds of vegetables should be raised, and it is surprising how many kinds there are and how large a yield may be had. One horse will be necessary to get the ground into good condition and tend the truck. A good cow or two and a few dozen chickens will add greatly to the income."

ONE'S OWN SOCIETY

Ralph Waldo Trine, in an article in "Harper's Bazar," points out the value of the quiet hour.

"If one at first isn't used to this company of self, and if, at first, this sort of getting re-acquainted with oneself seems strange, or if one is at such time inclined to bother or worry about the thing that should not be bothered or worried about, then to dip for a little while into an inspiring book, or an interesting piece of fiction, breaks the chain of monotony, and arrests the output of mental, nervous and physical energy. It brings a change and thereby induces a rest. Rest we are now finding does not depend necessarily upon a cessation of activities, for sometimes a change of work or activity is fully as effective. It is the time we spend alone that has to do with the great realities of life, and these are the things that, after all, really count. They it is that eventually bring real and lasting satisfaction.

"To take this quiet period every day enables us to get hold more and more of those interior, spiritual thought forces that we can, should, infuse into, and mold the conditions of every-day life with. It also aids us to find and to keep our conscious connection with the Infinite Source of life and power that is back of all, working in and through all, in the degree that we open ourselves that it may manifest to and through us. It is idle for any one, be she busy home-maker or be he busy man of affairs, to say it is impossible to get this quiet hour or half hour a day. If the desire is really there it can always be accomplished. And for one to say that he or she cannot afford it is to speak without sufficient knowledge. There is no one, when its value is once fully or even partially realized, who can afford to do otherwise."

THE VALUE OF A QUART OF MILK

When you sell a quart of milk for seven cents you are giving more food for the money than the buyer can get in most other forms. It is twice as cheap as mutton or fresh fish, six times as cheap as dried beef, nearly three times as cheap as beef chuck, 40 per cent cheaper than pork loin, three times as cheap as beef sirloin, nearly three times as cheap as eggs. The staples that cost less than milk in proportion to food value are such things as potatoes, rice, dates, cornmeal, prunes, cheese, wheat bread, and beans. The above figures will hold good in the average interior regions of the nation.—Farm and Fireside.

—There are so many "best" ways to clean windows that one hesitates to offer her method unless very sure it is *the* way. Three or four ounces of emery flour in a heavy canvas sack about six inches square will clean and polish windows with greater ease than anything else I know. Simply rub the bag over the window. It also removes streaks from any glass. — Woman's Home Companion.

WHY MEAT KEEPS CHILDREN AWAKE

Almost every one is familiar with the fact that infants and very young children should not be allowed fresh meat for supper. We have all noted that it disturbs their sleep, but few of us, probably, have stopped to inquire the physiological reason.

According to scientific authorities, the explanation lies in the fact that fresh meats contain a stimulating or refreshing substance known as xanthin (pronounced zan-thin), which is the refreshing principle of tea and the meat extracts that we sometimes use to relieve fatigue. The bodies of young children, and of all young animals also, contain a large proportion of this xanthin, and when more is added in the form of meat for supper, the rest of the child is disturbed and dreams come to break the restfulness of sleep. The bodies of older children and of adults also contain more or less xanthin, but as age advances the quantity grows smaller, and in old age there is little xanthin left. This interesting information in regard to xanthin also explains the characteristic vivacity, alertness and energy of childhood and the soberness or moroseness of old age. Metaphorically speaking, xanthin is the fire of youth, and as we grow older we gradually lose our vivacity with our xanthin.

This leads to another explanation, viz., why infants and very young children should not be allowed coffee, tea and Coca-Cola, for these beverages contain a form of xanthin known as caffein, which refreshes the tired nerves and muscles, and therefore keeps the child awake. Like meat, they are good for adults, and are the most efficient and wholesome means of refreshing mind and body, but, like meat, they disturb the rest of children, for the body of the child already possesses a sufficient supply of xanthin.

This, in turn, leads to still another explanation, for we can now understand why beef tea, coffee, tea and Coca-Cola have the same effect in the relief of fatigue, though they differ so widely in flavor and appearance. We can understand why the human race has come to depend upon these refreshing beverages as the most wholesome and efficient means of combating the injurious effects of physical and mental fatigue.

Desiring that the public shall fully understand the composition and character of their product, The Coca-Cola Company has issued a booklet containing the expert opinions of the world's leading scientists, explaining the wholesomeness and refreshing qualities of this popular temperance drink. A copy may be had by addressing The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.—Advt.

Young Women

LEAVE IT WITH HIM

Yes, leave it with Him; the lilies all do,
And they grow.
They grow in the rain, and they grow in the dew—
Yes, they grow;
They grow in the darkness, all hid in the night—
They grow in the sunshine, revealed by the light—
Still they grow.

They ask not your planting, they need not your care
As they grow;
Dropped down in the valley, the field, anywhere—
There they grow;
They grow in their beauty, arrayed in pure white;
They grow, clothed in glory, by heaven's own light—
Sweetly grow.

The grasses are clothed and the ravens are fed
From His store;
But you who are loved and guarded and led,
How much more
Will He clothe you, and feed you, and give you His care!
Then leave it with Him; He has everywhere
Ample store.

—Author unknown.

A VOCATIONAL FOCUS

"Is this the office of the Vocational Bureau?"

The secretary, brisk, middle-aged, shrewd-faced, took a rapid survey of the speaker, and smiled cheerfully. The neat, dark blue gown, the modest plume in the small hat, the girlish air, were promising.

"Yes," she replied. "In what do you specialize, please?"

"Well," the young woman acknowledged, with an embarrassed laugh, "I've had some training in several lines, and it's hard to decide. You see, I studied bookkeeping at the business college, and at the same time took cooking lessons in the evenings, and I thought I'd like to take up one or the other. Or, could I register under both heads and take whichever chance came first?"

"It is a little unusual," the secretary said, after she examined the girl's certificate, "but you seem to be qualified, and I will try it." And when the necessary kinks had been put into the red tape, the girl left the office hopefully.

A few days later she returned; the secretary informed her that as yet nothing had come of her registration. The fresh-faced damsel smiled brightly.

"I'm glad," she confided, "because I've about decided to specialize in something different. You see, I've taken kindergarten training, too—maybe I didn't mention it—and just now, while I'm waiting for a position, I'm helping my cousin in her settlement work. She advises me, and so does another friend—our new minister, in fact—to register for kindergartening, or else the supervision of playgrounds. Mr. St. John thinks that I have an unusual gift for managing children."

The little gray lady at the desk nodded as she turned over the card catalogue with a slightly worried air.

"Yes, Miss Maywood. I can make the change if you really wish it, although it is better if you *can* decide definitely in the first place."

"I'm awfully sorry to make additional trouble," exclaimed the girl, remorsefully, "but it's so much more satisfactory to find yourself, and work at your true vocation! So good of you!" she added, gratefully, when the technicalities were once more adjusted. "Good-bye!"

The following week found her again before the desk. In her hand was one of the Vocational Bureau's neat circulars.

"I'm truly ashamed," she apologized, "but I've read your circular for the first time; I didn't have one before. I didn't realize the scope of the bureau. It seems to me that I've really found the kind of work that fits me best. Mr. St. John thinks so, too," she added, with a slight blush. She pointed out the portion beginning, "Sanitary and Economical Advising for Home Management; Dietetics; etc."

"I really think," she added, with sweet earnestness, "that a woman can accomplish most in attacking the problems that concern the actual home; and a—and friends who advise me say the same thing. He—they say that my temperament is especially adapted to concentration on domestic economics. You see, don't you?"

"I suppose so," agreed the secretary, but her attitude was plainly disapproving. "If you will give us the required assurance as to your training and experience"—

"Oh, certainly!" promised Miss Maywood, brightening again. "I'll attend to it right away."

But it was two weeks before the blue-clad figure appeared again in the doorway. There was a flush upon her cheek and a smile in her eyes, although the apologetic expression still trembled about her lips. The secretary nodded almost cordially.

"Good-morning, Miss Maywood!" she said. "I was about to write you. Yesterday a lady called to inquire about some one to help her in managing a summer camp for girls. I thought of you at once, and I was quite sure you would like to talk it over with her."

Miss Maywood examined the silver meshes of her handbag with close attention.

"Yes," she replied, slowly, "I did try that one summer, and it was very interesting. I should be glad to consider it, only—I came to ask you—to tell you—"

"Surely you do not wish to make another change!" The secretary's tone betrayed exasperation. "Frankly, Miss Maywood, I have interested myself in your application, and I hoped that this opening might appeal to you; it embraces several of your lines of work, including dietetics and the keeping of accounts. Your personality is attractive, and I think you need not hesitate to undertake"—

"Oh, it isn't that!" the girl interrupted, distressed. "You're very kind, and it would be perfectly lovely, if—but—oh, it seems dreadfully changeable, and I told Mr. St. John so, but he simply wouldn't wait"— Miss Maywood's left hand fluttered up to the lace at her throat, and the secretary blinked a little in the sudden radiance that gleamed from its third finger. At that the secretary's face cleared, and she actually laughed a little.

"I quite understand, my dear!" she assured the girl, with crisp kindliness. "This time you have probably found your real vocation; and I don't believe that a bit of your training has been wasted. The woman who specializes in matrimony will find use for all she has learned—and more, too! Success to you in the most complex of all professions, Miss Maywood!" — Corinne Rockwell Swain, in "Youth's Companion."

THE HOUSEWORK CURE

Father Vaughan, the noted London clergyman, shocked a fashionable congregation in the West End some time ago when he bade neurotic, dissatisfied women to take to the wash-tub as a cure for nerves. Since then a number of noted physicians have endorsed the idea, and actually prescribed a daily series of the ordinary tasks of home for women who have never known what it is to have to wait upon themselves.

The fact is, if the simple acts of sweeping, dusting, bed-making, and brushing-up had been planned by a physical-culturist, they could not be better adapted to keep women healthy, happy, and free from the morbid ailments that come under the head of nervousness — an affliction that will disappear from the list one

of these days, let us hope, as completely as has hysteria, the complaint of our fashionable grandmothers.

Women who, in order to escape the trials and expense of keeping bad servants, have dismissed them and taken up the care of their homes on a simpler scale, have been surprised how the mind is rested and the body made supple by the easy exercise and concentration called for in preparing the foods that are to be cooked and served for the next meal.

Of course, housework, to be done with benefit and without wear, must be done neatly, scientifically, and æsthetically. It must be rid of all the stigma that through ignorance has been allowed to attach itself to the duties of housekeeping, a false and degrading rating that reflects on the intelligence of the sex feminine and drives our native-born girls into stuffy shops and factories to work like slaves over dangerous machines, rather than enter kitchens of well-provided homes.

The girls who nowadays are given a course in domestic science as well as Latin and French learn how interesting and beautiful the work of the home becomes when handled intelligently and in the glad spirit that dignifies all labor cheerfully done. The artistry of cleanliness is one of the most exquisite things in the world, despite the dusty studies of the velvet-jacketed Futurists and professional table-d'hoters.

And now a new prophet has arisen who claims that New Thought can be applied to the work of the home in such a way that it is turned into a veritable joy exercise. This new, up-in-the-air view of housework is simply the carrying of an uplifting, helpful spirit, idealizing the various actions of the day, putting thoughts of affection, sustenance, strength, and nourishment into breakfast-getting, of power, balance, fresh air, rest, and helpful sleep into bed-making, and so on. Proceeding on this program, the body moves rhythmically and gracefully, bends, reaches, turns, much with the swerve of the dancer — the modern dancer who puts beautiful thoughts into every motion so perfectly that she presents the flowers of the garden, the birds, and the trees to her auditors. Delsarte was the father of it all, of course, but we only half-digested his doctrine. Applied to home service, the theories ennoble and dignify work which has long ranked as drudgery.

When intelligent and cultured women begin to see the æsthetic side of housework and feel the feminine thrill which reminds them that it is their part of the big scheme to make the temple beautiful, much will result which will render the appliances of this form of labor more sensible and better adapted to the purposes intended. Much has been done, of course, in the past decade, and one of the pleasant facts is that men have no sooner mastered the sciences than they have proceeded to make woman's work lighter. We have lifts and chutes, air-cleaners, electric stoves, and fireless cookers—all the wonders of the century. When we have the perfect kitchen presided over by the æsthetic, happy, antiseptically-gowned goddess of the home, we will have the perfect woman as well.—Lippincott's.

RULES FOR HAPPINESS

It was at a girls' summer school years ago. One of the girls rose and said to Alice Freeman Palmer, the honored and beloved first president of Wellesley College, who had been talking to them: "Mrs. Palmer, you are always so cheerful and happy. Will you tell us, please, how we can be happy?"

"I will, dear," said this noble woman. "I will give you three very simple rules. The first is this: Commit something to memory every day, something good. It needn't be much. Three or four words will do—just a pretty bit of a poem or a Bible verse. The second rule is: Look for something pretty every day and don't skip a day, or it won't work. My third is (now, mind, don't skip a day): Do something for somebody every day. That is all there is to it, dear. You'd better try it."

These three rules are just as good as when they were spoken. They will work always and everywhere, in the country as well as in the city, for boys as well as for girls. They will make a farm-house warm in the chill of winter and a tenement cool in the blazing summer. They will help to make us masters of our lives. They are so plain that everybody can understand them and so practical that everybody can keep them. No matter how lowering and how gray the sky, these rules will make the sun shine through.—Selected.

THE LIFE THAT COUNTS

The life that counts must toil and fight;
Must hate the wrong and love the right;
Must stand for truth by day, by night;
This is the life that counts.

The life that counts must aim to rise
Above the earth to sunlit skies;
Must fix its gaze on Paradise—
That is the life that counts.

The life that counts must hopeful be;
In darkest night make melody;
Must wait the dawn on bended knee—
That is the life that counts.

The life that counts must helpful be;
The cares and needs of others see;
Must seek the slave of sin to free—
That is the life that counts.

—Selected.

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Young Men

FAILURE

BY EDMUND VANCE COOK

What is failure? It is only a spur
To the man who receives it right,
And it makes the spirit within him stir
To go in once more and fight.
If you never have failed, it's an even guess
You have never won a high success.

What is miss?. It's a practice shot
Which we often must take to enter
The list of those who can hit the spot
Of the bull's-eye in the center.
If you never have sent your bullet wide,
You never have put a mark inside.

What is a knock-down? A count of ten
Which one may take for a rest.
It will give him a chance to come up again
And do his particular best.
If you've never been bumped in a rattling go,
You never have come to the scratch, I know.

A CHAMPION BICYCLE RIDER IN ARABIA

Seldom has it happened in history that a man has built a monument to himself by his labors in the short period of five months, but such was the case with the hero of this brief sketch. Ion Keith-Falconer, pioneer missionary to Arabia, labored for just such a short period in his chosen field, and at the age of thirty years laid down his life for the cause he loved. The brevity of one's life, however, does not determine the usefulness of that life. This splendid young man, though dead, still lives, and is an inspiration to thousands of young lives who know of his consecration to the Master.

Ion Keith-Falconer was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, July 5, 1856, and died at Aden, Arabia, May 11, 1887. He was the son of the ninth earl of Kintore. He could trace his family back to the year 1010, when Robert Keith, because of valor displayed in the battle against the Danes, won the title of Hereditary Great Mareschal of Scotland, the title being conferred by Malcolm II, King of Scotland.

As a boy, Ion was known for his manliness, unselfishness, and piety. He was fond of outdoor sports especially. By the time he had reached his full growth, he stood six feet and three inches in height. At twenty he was president of the London Bicycle Club, and two years later held the record of champion racer of England. Four years later he rode the distance from Land's End to John O'Groat's House, almost one thousand miles, in thirteen days, averaging nearly eighty miles a day.

The Bible was the one book he loved and studied from his earliest years. He always befriended the poor, and showed remarkable sympathy for those who needed help. His nurse tells how, at the age of seven, he visited the humble peasants of the neighborhood and in his simple way explained the Bible to them. At another time he spent his pocket-money for some fancy cakes, and gave them all to a hungry boy.

He went to Cambridge University after completing his studies at the Harrow Public School. Here he distinguished himself by his scholarship. He taught himself Pitman's system of shorthand, and attained uncommon speed, rivaling Pitman himself. He wrote the article on "Shorthand" in the Encyclopedia Britannica.

This young man, like most students, was not a genius, but a plodder. He set himself to hard tasks, delighted in overcoming obstacles, and by his dogged persistence won honors which never come to the student who is satisfied with just being "average."

The missionary spirit seized this young student early in his school days. While at Cambridge he became leader of a band of Christian students who carried on evangelistic work in connection with their studies. These students purchased the old Barnwell theater for the sum of eight thousand dollars, and conducted services there. A rich harvest was gathered as a result of this work.

From his fifteenth year Keith-Falconer was associated with Mr. F. N. Charrington, a wealthy young man, son of a brewer, who surrendered his place as chief heir to his father's wealth so that he might devote his life to taking care of the drunkards, criminals and outcasts who were products of his own father's business. Mr. Charrington began his work in a hayloft, was crowded into a large hall, then into a big tent, and finally into a large assembly hall, where night after night 2,000 people gathered to hear the simple story of the gospel.

The young Cambridge student would often absent himself for a week at a time from his studies to assist in the work of Mr. Charrington.

In 1879, the year of the terrible winter in England, these two young men gave much of their time to feeding the hungry multitudes. This service led to the building of a new hall, at a cost of $200,000, which stands as a monument to the labors of these two young men. This great structure, seating 5,000, is open every night. A gospel service is held, and the message is defended by the very drunkards who despised the story of Christ before Mr. Charrington and Keith-Falconer came in their midst. These young workers were much persecuted, as Christian heroes often are, but their reward was in seeing drunkards reformed, gangs of thieves broken up, and homes redeemed from the curse of rum.

All this work Keith-Falconer did as a humble layman. He seldom spoke in public. He practiced the Master's method of winning men—one at a time. He would find the one whom he wanted to help, have a good heart-to-heart talk with him, and thus win his man to Christ.

One would naturally think that this young man should be satisfied with doing such a good work for his Master, but Keith-Falconer was not content with doing less than his very best for him. He felt that he was not laboring where the work was hardest and where the difficulties were most numerous. The hard things are the things that attract strong men. Only weaklings hunt for the easy things.

He wanted to serve where the work was hardest, and Arabia seemed to him to be that field. The word "Arabia" comes from the root meaning "dry" or "sterile," and as a noun it means "desert." The country is mostly unexplored, save the edges. It has no water system, only a system of wadies or valleys. During the dry season these sink, and water can be found only by digging. The waters in the interior lose themselves in the sand. The people themselves wander about the desert, having no regular homes. Owing to these difficulties, and the rigid Mohammedanism of the people, Arabia seemed to be the most difficult place in which to labor for Christ. This was the land selected by Keith-Falconer for his work.

After passing the examination at Cambridge, he gave himself to the study of Arabic, especially the Koran, the Bible of the Mohammedan. Then he went to Egypt, studying the language and temper of the Arabic mind. About this time he was appointed Lord Almoner's professor of Arabic at Cambridge. The future held unlimited possibilities for him in the home land. He could easily have stood "head and shoulders" above his fellow-professors in the university.

In the autumn of 1885 he started for Arabia to prospect. He landed at Aden, the Gibraltar of Asia and Africa. The following spring found him again in England. On Easter day he stood in the Assembly Hall

at Mile End and delivered "Temptation," regarded as the most striking address of his life. Dr. Arthur T. Pierson thus comments upon the address: "Was it a reflection of the inward struggle he was then experiencing, with the parting of the ways before him, with nobility, wealth, distinction on the one hand, and seclusion, self-denial, and obscurity on the other?"

In May he spoke before the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland on Mohammedan missions, which revealed his conception of the possibilities in Arabia. He told that he had been urged again and again to go to Arabia, and that one day a Mohammedan, asking for a piece of paper, wrote: "If you want the people to walk in your way, set up schools."

To make a long story short, he turned his back on home, fame, honor, ambition, and all, to answer the call of God. He placed himself under the Foreign Mission Board of the Scottish Church, but insisted that all expenses should be borne by himself. His plan was to build a medical mission, and to distribute the Holy Scriptures from this place. In November, 1886, he, with his faithful wife, and Dr. Stewart Cowen, located at Sheikh-Othman, where, within a few months, he laid the foundation for his work. His Christ-like character readily made its impress upon the Arabian men and women. The translation of the Bible had a good sale and many readers.

In spite of the fact that our hero was at the age when most men are just beginning to find their life's task, his young life was destined to soon burn out with the dreaded Aden fever. Both Keith-Falconer and his wife were stricken in February, 1887. Repeated attacks of this disease was more than even this robust man could endure, and on May 11, 1887, "God's finger touched him and he slept."

After five months of labor in his chosen field the body of Keith-Falconer was tenderly and lovingly laid to rest in the cemetery at Aden by British officers and soldiers, a fitting burial for one of the soldiers of a great King, and "so Great Britain made her first offering—and it was a very costly one—to Arabia's evangelization."

There are those who will say, "What a pity!" and, "It is a shame that such a young life should be spent in its very beginning." We remember that the Master himself lived only thirty-three years, but those years were crowded with usefulness and service, and such a life, though brief, is the life worth while, the life that counts for most.

In the town of Aden, near the main street, is a little cemetery. Surrounded by a row of graves, the resting-places of British officers and men, is the tomb of the first missionary that Scotland gave to Arabia. A massive block of white Egyptian marble covers the grave. Chiseled on a pure slab, under a coronet which might well represent the martyr's crown, is the following inscription:

To
The Dear Memory of
The Hon. Ion Keith-Falconer,
Third Son of
The Earl and Countess of Kintore,
Who Entered into Rest
At Sheikh-Othman, May 11, 1887,
Aged 30 Years.

"If any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am, there shall also my servant be: if any man serve me, him will my Father honor."

Was this the end of Keith-Falconer's life? No, 'twas but the beginning. News of his death shocked all England. His church called for a volunteer to take Keith-Falconer's place. Thirteen graduates of New College offered to step into the breach. The response to this call has not ended yet. To-day, inspired by the example of such a hero as Keith-Falconer, thousands of young men and women stand ready to answer the call to serve in foreign lands. On the little peninsula where he labored for such a brief time may be found the buildings of the Free Church of Scotland, the Church of England, the depots of the British and Foreign Bible societies, in addition to the mission founded by Keith-Falconer himself.

The writer feels loath to bring this sketch to a close. He would love to linger and tell more of this Christ-like character, but space forbids.

He has read again and again this last appeal of Ion Keith-Falconer: "While vast continents are shrouded in almost utter darkness, and hundreds of millions suffer the horrors of heathenism and Islam, the burden of proof lies upon you to show that the circumstances in which God has placed you were meant by him to keep you out of the foreign mission field."

Does God want you in the foreign mission field? Then go! He will provide the way. Decide while young, knowing that "Whosoever shall seek to gain his life, shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life, shall preserve it." Happiness is found in the pathway of duty. If duty calls you to a foreign field, then happiness can be found there, and only there.—Watchword.

A CHEERFUL DISPOSITION

Have you ever said, "I wish I had a more cheerful disposition?"

How much do you wish it? Enough to dispose yourself so as to be in the way of getting it?

Your words are idle and sinful unless you will have it, instead of wishing to have it.

You are not responsible for the disposition you were born with, but you are responsible for the one you die with.

Suppose you earnestly purpose for one week to look for pleasant things, and speak of them, and never speak of what you dread or do not like. You will be more cheerfully and happily disposed at the end of the week, and you know it.—Maltbie D. Babcock.

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For the Children

AN HEROIC COWARD

BY MARY PAULA CHAPMAN

Day after day Dick Lowden had watched the hurt creep into Lame Joe's eyes. His leg having been cut off above the knee, Joe was obliged to use crutches, and although the boys in the village where he had recently come to live had at first received him kindly, they made little effort as time went on to keep him from a daily realization of his affliction. Selfish and thoughtless in their pleasures, they seldom chose a game in which the cripple could take part. Nevertheless, Joe could not refrain from following the neighborhood lads, while all the time Dick grew more and more uncomfortable as he beheld the wistful look in the afflicted boy's face. On the day that the baseball team was reorganized for the approaching season, Joe for the first time voiced his longing to share his companions' pleasures.

"Mightn't I be umpire?" he asked, timidly. "I understand the game; that is, up to a year ago I used to play about as well as the rest." His words were the proclamation of sudden hope.

The suggestion met with varied results. Some of the boys immediately acquiesced, others looked doubtful, and still others objected.

"It's hard work. You'd better not try," they declared.

"I'd not mind the work, and if you'll only let me try I'll make good," pleaded Joe.

"He will, too; I know he will," affirmed Dick, now thoroughly tormented by the cripple's distress.

The captain of the team frowned. "He'll make the games slow, and he'll hurt the looks of the team," he added in a lower tone, as with the other boys he edged away into the field out of hearing of Joe.

At the end of a low-voiced but heated discussion, Dick and the boys who agreed with him were overruled. Though Lame Joe was informed as gently as possible that the majority were in favor of another umpire, he shrank back as if he had been struck. An instant later, however, with head held high and without a word of remonstrance, he turned away from the boys who had allowed pride in their team to overcome their sense of obligation to one less fortunate than themselves. After the cripple's departure there was an uncomfortable silence, until Dick could stand the strain no longer.

"If Joe can't have that place, I guess you'll have to get on without me too," he blurted out.

Consternation was immediately written on the faces of his companions, for Dick was one of their best players. Flushed and determined, the boy waited for their answer. Finally it came, and again the captain was spokesman.

"I don't know but that we'll be just as well off without a coward on the team," he announced, coolly.

Breathlessly the other boys drew back as if assured that Dick would avenge this public insult. Reading their thoughts, the boy felt his face grow suddenly hot, but he turned away silently as had the cripple. Unlike the afflicted boy, however, Dick's head drooped low with shame. In a few moments he overtook Joe hobbling away on his crutches. Though the scornful cries of "Coward, coward!" almost drowned his words, he urged hoarsely:

"Come on up to my house. There are plenty of games we can play besides baseball."

Indignation shone in the lame boy's face. "You gave up your place on the team for me. How dare they call you coward?" he demanded.

"Because I am one, I guess," admitted Dick bitterly. "When you know more about me you'll believe as they do."

"Don't you worry; I'll never believe that you're a coward. Why, I've watched you beat them all running and jumping, and you've always played fair, fairer than any boy in the crowd," reassured Joe as he hopped along beside his champion.

"Oh, I can run and jump all right, but they've got plenty of reason to think me a coward, and maybe they're right." His voice was gloomy.

"But you were brave enough to take my part against the whole team," defended Joe.

Dick answered wearily: "I wasn't brave. I took up for you because I was afraid not to. It always scares me to see people hurt, and I could tell they were hurting you awful."

Joe was not a boy to stop when intent on anything. More outraged by the insult to his champion than by the cruelty to himself, he asked once more what it was all about; and as they walked along toward his house Dick, who had a strong desire to talk to some one of the thing that hung over him like a pall, told him. It was a story of the boy's first and only fight. The provocation was great; he had fought in self-defense. Being enraged, he had struck out with all his might. After a few blows were exchanged he had suddenly perceived that his opponent's face was covered with blood. Instantly there had come over the boy a feeling of revulsion, a feeling of horror or fear, he knew not which. He backed away, and, although the injured lad had continued to pummel him unmercifully, he had neither felt nor returned the blows. This was the first time that the derisive name of coward was hurled at him, but the insult failed then, as ever afterward, to force him to fight.

From that day forth he had never allowed himself to be drawn into battle, for always he was restrained by a vision of the blood-stained face of his first opponent, filling him with a strange fear. His nearest approach to a conflict had been an occasional interference in a fistic encounter when the suffering of the boy defeated had strangely impelled him. Even on these occasions he struck no blow; instead, he held fast the hands of the conqueror or shielded with his own body the conquered. The boy could give no explanation of his actions. Upon finishing his story he paused a moment, then added, shamefacedly:

"So you see why they call me coward. I had a scared feeling this morning when I saw you getting hurt, and the same feeling came again when they wanted me to fight, to hurt somebody else."

"I don't care what you say or what the others say. I'll never believe you a coward," declared the cripple, stoutly.

The weeks slipped by and the friendship between Dick and the lame boy deepened. They were seldom seen apart during recreation hours. Sensitive from fear of mental or physical hurt to the boy dependent upon him for happiness, Dick watched over Joe with zealous care. He suggested new games in which the cripple had a fair chance to win. Joe in return worshiped his new-found friend, and chafed inwardly at the estimation placed upon him by his companions.

The last day of school was approaching and Joe was dismissed one evening an hour earlier than Dick, who was detained to practice a drill with the other boys in his class. When he was at last free, Dick, finding that Joe had not waited for him as he had hoped, joined several other companions who were going in the direction of his home. Passing the village station, the boy was surprised to see Joe making his way across the track toward him. The lame boy crossed from one track on which stood a train that had evidently obstructed his view of the second track, for he stepped

directly in the path of an express train approaching at full speed.

The shrill warning of the locomotive, the cries of the by-standers at the station and the terrified shrieks of Dick and his companions all seemed to add to the cripple's confusion. As he started back suddenly his crutch slipped. He made a desperate effort to regain his balance. In the same moment Dick shot out from the crowd. He reached Joe an instant ahead of the engine. He did not have time to drag him from the track, but, flinging himself upon the distracted boy, he hurled him to the ground and fell on top of him. Then he heard the roar and felt the heat of the engine as it passed over them.

A moment later the great train came to a standstill and the boys were removed from the track. The little cripple was unhurt, but Dick, limp and white, with an ugly bruise on his head, was hurried to the hospital.

When he finally opened his eyes and met the anxious gaze of the attending physician, his first words were: "Is—is Joe all right?" The kindly old doctor nodded and a look of relief swept over the boy's face as he sank once more into a stupor.

It was several days before Dick was able to see the boys, who had come each day to the hospital to ask about him. However, their solicitude made the lad wonderfully happy. On a table near his bedside stood a great vase of roses, to which had been attached a card bearing the names of the members of the baseball team. There was also the little cripple's card, that had come with the wild flowers which filled to overflowing a large bowl, flowers that had cost the lame boy much effort to gather.

Dick's thoughts of gratitude were suddenly interrupted by a vast amount of heavy tiptoeing in the corridor. A moment later the door was opened by the nurse, and in walked Lame Joe, followed by Dick's former baseball associates. After greetings were exchanged, the boys of baseball fame stood about, nervously twisting their caps in their hands. They looked so awkward and sorry that Joe began the explanation that they had come to make.

"I've been telling them about you, Dick"—

"And I guess we've never understood before that you are just afraid of hurting people, but not afraid to save them," interrupted the captain. "Anyway, what you say after this goes on the baseball team."

Every body in the room suddenly overcame his shyness and echoed the captain's avowal.—Congregationalist.

—The simple heart, that freely asks in love, obtains.—Whittier.

TWO BRAVE BOYS

"You haven't forgotten Jimmy, have you, Edward?" asked mother.

Edward's book was very interesting and he kept on reading.

"Edward, it's almost nine o'clock! You haven't forgotten Jimmy, have you?" repeated mother, a little louder.

Edward looked up half-guiltily. "It's a lot of bother, mother."

"Yes, but you promised, Edward, and Jimmy watches for you every morning."

Edward flipped the pages of his book back and forth. "The day he was hurt I thought it would be easy to go over every morning, but now I—sometimes it's an awful bother. How much longer will he have to stay in bed?"

"I'm sure I don't know," replied his mother.

"He doesn't even sit up yet! The doctor comes every day to fix his leg, and it hurts him like everything after all this time. Why, it may be weeks before he's really well. I—I—mother, I wish I hadn't promised. What is the use in going *every* morning?"

"You promised to go every morning during vacation, Edward, and a promise should be kept always, unless you have a very good reason for breaking it. There is nothing to excuse you from keeping your promise to Jimmy. It was made by a kind-hearted boy to his best chum, and of course it must be kept."

Edward closed his book slowly, put it on the table, picked up his cap and started to make his morning visit to Jimmy. "Mother's right, of course," he said to himself as he walked along, "but I wanted to finish that book this morning. I had to leave that brave boy fighting the bear. My, wouldn't I have run! I wish I was brave enough to tackle a bear."

"Come right in, Edward!" said Jimmy's mother. "We're waiting for you. I want to go down street on an errand, and if you're here with Jimmy I won't worry a bit. I'll not be gone long."

She hurried away, and Edward sat down beside the bed and began to tell him about that brave boy and the bear in the story-book.

The door opened and the doctor came in. "We weren't looking for you until after dinner," said Jimmy, "and mother went down street."

"Well, we'll get along all right," said the doctor, cheerily. "Edward can help, and we'll have it done before you can say 'scat'!"

"Without mother?" Jimmy faltered.

"Why, yes, Jimmy! Let's surprise mother. Just think how happy she'll be when she comes back and finds that your sore leg has been dressed, and that I said it was better, and that you were so brave, and all that. Why, she'll sing 'Yankee Doodle' the rest of the day! Edward can take your mother's place."

Edward's heart thumped just as if it would break clear through. He felt weak and shaky, but there was the doctor telling him what to do and talking cheerfully to Jimmy between-times. Edward saw Jimmy shut his teeth hard and grip the edge of the bed, but he heard no sound. "If Jimmy can do his part, I ought to do mine," he thought. So he braced up and was very careful to do just what the doctor said.

"Now, Edward," said the doctor, "you can talk to Jimmy for a little bit. Tell him something very interesting — the most wonderful thing you ever heard of!"

Edward could think of nothing more exciting than the brave boy and the bear—the story he had begun to tell Jimmy just as the doctor came in. It was very thrilling. Edward talked as fast as he could, and the tighter Jimmy held his hand the faster Edward talked and the more exciting the story grew. "Wouldn't you like to be as brave as that, Jimmy?" asked Edward. "Brave enough to walk right up to a bear, double up your fists, shut your teeth tight and tackle him?"

"I couldn't. I'm not brave enough. I'm a coward. Jimmy's voice was jerky. "Could you?"

Edward's voice was jerky, too. He knew Jimmy's leg was hurting. "No, I couldn't," he hurried on. "I'm not brave, either. I'd run as fast as I could. I'm a dreadful coward, Jimmy. I guess we're both cowards."

"There, boys, it's done," said the doctor. "Getting along fine. I believe that the worst is over, Jimmy. Lucky you happened to be here, Edward. I really don't know what we should have done without you."

"Edward comes to see me every morning," said Jimmy.

"Every morning?" asked the doctor, raising his eyebrows.

"Yes, he hasn't missed a single morning," replied Jimmy.

"Well, now, I call that fine!" decleared the doctor, smiling at Edward. "What if you hadn't come this morning?"

The doctor put one hand on Jimmy's head, and the other on Edward's shoulder as he stood beside the bed. "And say, let me tell you this—I think you're the bravest boys I ever saw. I'm proud to know you. You're away ahead of that boy in the story-book. The bravest boys are not always found in story-books—just remember that; and they're not always found fighting bears, either. Thank you for helping me, Edward. I'm glad you were here." — Anne Porter Johnson, in Sunday School Times.

Science and Health

"WHAT IS IT THAT MAKES ME SO NERVOUS?"

The two main reasons why women are nervous are, first, they do not take intelligent care of their bodies, and, secondly, they do not govern their emotions.

I have seen a woman make herself genuinely miserable rather than take food normally, eat it normally, and exercise in the fresh air. "Everybody is against me," she says; and if you answer her, "My dear, you are acting against yourself by keeping your stomach on a steady strain with too much unmasticated, unhealthy, undigested food," she turns a woebegone face on you and asks how you can be "so material." "Nobody loves me; nobody is kind to me. Everybody neglects me," she says.

And when you answer: "How can any one love you when you are always whining and complaining? How can any one be kind to you when you resent and resist every friendly attention because it does not suit your especial taste? Indeed, how can you expect anything from any one when you are giving nothing yourself?" she replies: "But I am so nervous. I suffer. Why don't they sympathize?"

"My dear child, would you sympathize with a woman who went down in the cellar and cried because she was so cold, when fresh air and warm sunshine were waiting for her outside?"

When a woman disobeys all the laws of nervous health, how can she expect not to have her nerves rebel? Nerves in themselves are exquisitely sensitive—with a direct tendency toward health. "Don't give me such unnecessary work," the stomach cries. "Don't stuff me full of the wrong things. Don't put a bulk of food into me, but chew your food, so that I do not have to do my work and yours, too, when the food gets down here." And there is the poor stomach, a big nervous center in close communication with the brain, protesting and protesting.

The blood cries out: "Give me more oxygen. I cannot help the lungs or the stomach or the brain to do their work properly unless you take exercise in the fresh air that will feed me truly and send me over the body with good, wholesome vigor."

Now, there is another thing that is sadly evident about the young woman who will not take fresh air, nor eat the right food, nor masticate properly the food that she does take. When she goes out for a walk she seems to fight the fresh air; she walks along full of resistance and contraction, tightens all her muscles so that she moves as if she were tied together with ropes. The expression of her face is one of miserable strain and endurance; the tone of her voice is full of complaint. In eating, either she takes her food with the appearance of hungry grabbing, or she refuses it with a fastidious scorn. Any nervous woman who really wants to find herself out, in order to get well and strong, and contented and happy, will see in this description a reflection of herself, even though it may be an exaggerated reflection.

Did you ever see a tired, hungry baby fight his food? His mother tries to put the bottle to his mouth, and the baby cries and cries, and turns his head away, and brandishes his little arms about, as if his mother were offering him something bitter. Then, finally, when his mother succeeds in getting him to open his mouth and take the food, it makes you smile all over to see the contrast: he looks so quiet and contented, and you can see his whole little body expand with satisfaction.

It is just the same inherited tendency in a nervous woman that makes her either consciously or unconsciously fight exercise and fresh air, fight good food and eating it rightly, fight everything that is wholesome, and strengthening and quieting to her nerves, and cling with painful tenacity to everything that is contracting and weakening, and productive of chronic strain.

There is another thing a woman fights: she fights rest. Who has not seen a tired woman work harder when she was tired until she has worn herself to a state of nervous irritability, and finally has to succumb for want of strength? Who has not seen this same tired woman, the moment she gets back a little of strength, use it up again at once on what might quite as well have waited until she had paid back her principal and could use only the interest of strength and not the whole of that?

This, then, is the first answer to any woman's question, "Why am I so nervous?" Because you do not use common sense toward exercise, fresh air, nourishment and rest.

Nature tends toward health. Your whole physical organism tends toward health. If you once find yourself out and begin to be sensible, you will find a great, vigorous power carrying you along, and you will be surprised to see how fast you gain. It may be some time before Nature gets her own way with you entirely, because when one has been off the track for long it must take time to readjust; but when we begin to go with the laws of health, instead of against them, we get into a healthy current and gain faster than would have seemed possible when we were outside it, habitually trying to oppose the stream.

The second reason why women are nervous is that they do not govern their emotions. Very often it is the strain of unpleasant emotions that keeps women nervous, and when we come really to understand we find that the strain is there because the woman does not get her own way. She has not money enough. She has to live with some one she dislikes. She feels that people do not like her and are neglectful of her. She believes that she has too much work to do. She wishes that she had more beauty in her life.

Sometimes a woman is entirely conscious of when or why she fails to get her own way; then she knows what she is fretting about, and she even knows that the fretting is a strain that keeps her tired and nervously irritated. Sometimes a woman is unconscious of what it is that is keeping her in a chronic state of nervous irritability. I have seen a woman express herself as entirely resigned to the very circumstance or person that she was, unconsciously, so fiercely resisting that her resistance kept her ill half of the time. In such cases the strain is double. First, there is the strain of the person or circumstance chronically resisted. Second, there is the strain of the pose of saintly resignation. It is bad enough to pose to other people, but when we pose to other people and to ourselves too, the strain is twice as bad.

I have seen a woman cry and make no end of trouble because she had to have a certain relative live in the house with her, simply because the relative "got on her nerves." Then, after the relative left the house, this same woman cried and still made no end of trouble because she thought she had done wrong to send "Cousin Sophia" away; and the poor, innocent, uncomplaining victim was brought back again. Yet it never seemed to occur to the nervous woman that "Cousin Sophia" was harmless, and that her trouble came entirely from the way in which she constantly resented and resisted little unpolished ways.

I do not know how many times "Cousin Sophia" may be sent off and brought back again, nor how many times other things in my nervous friend's life may have to be pulled to pieces and then put together again, for she has not yet discovered that the cause of the nervous trouble is entirely in herself, and that if she would stop resisting "Cousin Sophia's innocent peculiarities, stop resisting other various phases of her life that do not suit her, and begin to use her will to yield where she has always resisted, her load would be steadily and happily lifted.

The nervous strain of doing right is very painful, especially so because most women who are under this strain do not really care about doing right at all. I have seen a woman quibble and talk, and worry about what she believed to be a matter of right and wrong in a few cents, then neglect for months to pay a poor man a certain large amount of money which he had honestly earned, and which she knew he needed.

A nervous woman's emotions are constantly side-tracking her away from the main cause, and so keeping her nervous. A nervous woman's desire to get her own way—and strained rebellion at not getting her own way—bedazzles or befogs her brain so that her nerves twist off into all sorts of emotions which have nothing whatever to do with the main cause. The woman with the relative wants to be considered good and kind and generous. The woman with the nervous money conscience wants to be considered upright and just in her dealings with others. All women with various expressions of nervous conscience want to ease their consciences for the sake of their own comfort—not in the least for the sake of doing right.

I write first of the nervous hypocrite because the nervous strain is deeper in and more difficult to find. To watch such a woman is like seeing her in a terrible nightmare, which she steadily sugar-coats by her complacent belief in her own goodness. If among a thousand nervous "saints" who may read these words one is thereby enabled to find herself out, they are worth the pains of writing many times over. The nervous hypocrites who do not find themselves out get sicker and sicker, until finally the only use they are

is to discipline those who have the care of them.

The greatest trouble comes through the befogging emotions. A woman begins to feel a nervous strain, and that strain results in exciting emotions. These emotions again breed more emotions until the woman gets to be a simmering mass of possibly exciting and painful emotions which can be roused to a boiling point at any moment by anything or any one who may touch a sensitive point. When a woman's emotions are aroused, and she is allowing herself to be governed by them, reason is out of the question, and any one who thinks a woman can be made to see common-sense in a state like that will find himself entirely mistaken.

The only cure is for the woman herself to learn that she is entirely impervious to common-sense when she is in the midst of an emotional nerve storm, and to say, "Don't try to talk to me now; I am not reasonable; wait until I get quiet." Then, if she will go off by herself and drop the emotions, and the strain behind the emotions, she will often come to a good, clear judgment without outside help; or if not, she will come to where she is ready and grateful to receive the help from a clearer mind than her own.

The point is, to drop the emotions and face the fact. If nervous women would see the necessity for that, and would practice it, it would be surprising to see how their nerves would improve.

I knew a woman who discovered that her emotions were running away with her and making her nervously ill; and she went to work with a will, and every time something happened to rouse this great emotional wave she would deliberately force herself to relax and relax until the wave had passed over her and she could see things in a sensible light. When she was unable to go off by herself and lie down to relax she would walk with her mind directed to make her feet heavy. When you drop the tension of the emotion, the emotion has nothing to hold on to and it must go.

I knew another woman who did not know how to relax; so, to get free from this emotional excitement, she would turn her attention at once to figures: to her personal accounts or even to saying the multiplication table. The steady concentration of her mind on dry figures and on "getting her sums right" left the rest of her brain free to drop its excitement and get into a normal state again.

Again, it is owing to the pleasant emotions which some women hold to such an extreme that they are made ill. How many times have we heard of women who were "worn to a shred" by the delight of an opera, or a concert, or an exciting play? If these women only knew it, their pleasure would be far keener if they would let the enjoyment pass over them instead of tightening all up in their nerves and holding on to it.

Nature in us tends toward health, and toward pleasant sensations. If we relax out of painful emotions we find good judgment and happy instinct behind them. If we relax so that pleasant emotions can pass over our nerves, they leave a deposit of happy sensation behind, which only adds to the store that Nature is ready to give us.

To sum up: The two main reasons why women are nervous are that they do not take intelligent care of their bodies, and that they do not govern their emotions; but back of these reasons is the fact that they want their own way altogether too much. Even if a woman's own way is right, she has no business to push for it selfishly. If any woman thinks, "I could take intelligent care of my own body if I did not have to work so hard, or have this or that interference," let her go to work with her mind well armed to do what she can, and she will soon find that there are many places where she can improve in the normal care of her body, even with all the work and all the interferences.

To adapt an old saying, the women who are overworked and clogged with real interferences should aim to be healthy, and if they cannot be healthy, then they should be as healthy as they can.—Annie Payson Call, in "The Pacific."

Miscellany

HAWAII'S EARLY HARDSHIPS

You can tramp all through the mountains around Honolulu with no fear of having a python unwind from the limb of a tree and plant a couple of stomach teeth in the thick of your shoulder. That was one thing the early missionaries did not have to contend with. The first ones came over in 1820 and it took them 112 days sailing from Boston. They brought over with them for the natives about all the cast-off clothes in Boston. But with that there wasn't enough to go around, so the natives used to walk up and down Fort street—which is Honolulu's Broadway—wearing one article of clothing that the kind ladies in Boston had sent. A *kanaka*, or native, would march proudly down Fort street with one shoe on and nothing else in the world, while another native son would come beaming along in a sunbonnet, while a third leading citizen would come swinging up Likelike street jauntily wearing a cuff.

Most of the garments for the women sent by the good deaconesses of Boston were nightgowns, and to this day the dressy garment among the native women of Hawaii is the *holoka*—the nightgown of the good women of Boston.

When the first churches were built in Hawaii they had no trouble in getting the natives to attend, but they were a proud people and insisted on being just as stylish as the white people. The deacons brought over with them shoes that squeaked dreadfully. The natives admired the noise and thought that to be fashionable they had to have squeaky shoes, too. Only one native had a pair, so he would come to church a bit early, squeaking proudly down the aisle, slip into his pew and gradually edge over to the window and drop his shoes out. A waiting brother would pick them up and come swinging down the aisle, slip into his seat, work over to the window and drop the shoes out. All through service this would continue, the pastor each time having to wait until the shoes reached their destination. By the time the sermon was over the last of the congregation would be in. Services had to be continued on the one-shoe basis until another ship arrived from Boston with enough equipment for the whole congregation to come squeaking in together.—Leslie's Weekly.

ENCOURAGING BIRDS

One hundred and seventy-six species of insects attack the apple tree, while apple-producing states spend as high as $3,000,000 for spraying trees to keep down the coddling moth. Instead of putting poison (which often kills the birds) on our trees, why not encourage these tireless little workers to come and rid your fruit trees of insect pests? Every orchard should be a bird sanctuary. What are you doing to make a safe refuge of yours? In return for shelter and protection your feathered friends will brighten your little world with their beautiful plumage, while working every hour in the day for you, and sing glad songs of thanksgiving while they work.

The Liberty Bell Bird Club of "The Farm Journal," says that the destructive insect invasion is not caused altogether by the killing of the birds themselves who would eat the insects, but largely because the farmer has cut down the trees and shrubbery, depriving his former little neighbors of their nesting places without providing others. It is urging the farmers and fruit growers to plant those trees and shrubs which will entice the foraging robin away from his favorite cherry tree, and yet maintains that he is entitled to a little of even this choice fruit in return for all the ravaging fruit pests he devours. It claims, that he will not, however, bother the cherries if he has Russian mulberries which ripen at the same time. This tireless forager also prefers chokeberry, holly elder, sour-gum, shadberries, wild cherries, wild grapes, green brier and smilax to cherries. He is such a gentleman robber that a bird-bath has been known to lure him away from his favorite mulberry. The robin likes to be a near neighbor to man and that he is a more obliging and honest one than is generally believed is shown by his propensity to rid a farmer's cabbage patch of cut worms, all in exchange for a few (perhaps wormy) cherries.—Ex.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

He—"The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. Don't forget that."

She—"Then you come in and rule the world a while. I'm tired."—Woman's Journal.

—

The vicar of a West End London church, giving out the notices for Lent, said: "The special preachers during this solemn season of the year will be found hanging in the porch as you leave the church."

—

Employee—Sir, I would respectfully ask for an increase of salary. I have got married lately.

Manager of Works—Very sorry, Horneyhand, I can be of no assistance to you. The company is not responsible for any accidents that happen to its employees when off duty.—Tit-Bits.

—

"Why won't you buy something at my table?" demanded the girl at the charity fair.

"Because I only buy from the homely girls," said the man. "They have a harder time making sales."

The girl was not offended, and he worked this right down the line.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Secular News

Home

Belgian farmers are wanted to colonize in the South.

A big falling-off is reported in estimated cotton crop for 1915.

A shake-up of officers at Annapolis is planned by Secretary Daniels.

A big Treasury deficit is expected to interfere with plans for national defense.

Thomas A. Edison has agreed to serve as head of advisory board of civilians for the Navy Department.

A new note has been forwarded to Berlin. It insists on protection of American lives in the future.

Lake's new submarine, burning heavy oil, will cross the Atlantic and return without the need of a base.

Ex-Senator Burton advocated revision of anti-trust laws to permit small dealers to form combines for South American trade.

The machinists' leader announced that a nation-wide fight for an eight-hour day would be extended until 600,000 win the fight.

Camden, N. J., and Newport News, Va., Shipbuilding Companies have announced a plan to build submarines for the United States.

Only 1 per cent of Bridgeport's 2,800 machinists walked out, and the men returned to work. The machinists' leader announced that the Remingtons had signed an agreement with the men.

Governor Brumbaugh of Pennsylvania selected John A. Brashear, of Pittsburgh, and John Wanamaker and Dr. Russell H. Conwell, of Philadelphia, as the State's citizens to be honored by the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

On Saturday morning the steamer Eastland at Chicago, loaded with more than 2,000 excursionists, capsized while at the dock. The number of dead and missing, so far as is known, is 1,478. An official investigation has been begun to find out the cause of the catastrophe. The whole nation is appalled by the magnitude of the disaster.

Foreign

Mexico City is reported held by a band of Indians.

Carranza's army evacuated Mexico City to meet the Villa forces.

The Austrian staff is reported to have evacuated Gorizia, as Italian occupation was imminent.

Part of the German defenses on the heights in the Vosges region were taken by the French.

Germans advanced toward the Bug river, threatening to cut Warsaw's communication from the rear.

A threatened strike at the Krupp gun works, Germany, has been averted, and part of the demands made by the workmen have been met.

German newspapers vigorously attacked the demands made in the latest American note. Berlin's reply is not expected before the middle of August.

A dispatch to the London "Times" from Sofia says that a convention ceding to Bulgaria the Turkish portion of the Dedeaghatch Railway has been signed in Constantinople.

Lloyd-George made an appeal to the striking Welsh miners at Cardiff, and after temporary concessions had been made to the miners, the strike was called off. The men have resumed work, eager to make up for lost time in supplying coal for the navy.

THE REINDEER

While we are trying to save a few hundred buffalo out of the millions whose hoof-beats used to shake our Western plains, we have a more cheerful spectacle in Alaska. There the Bureau of Education has made a thriving addition to the fauna of the country and created the solid beginnings of a vast new industry. The reindeer experiment, which at first was laughed at as a ridiculous fad, has become a solid achievement. There are now 12,000 reindeer where fifteen years ago there were none. They are doubling every four years, which means that at the same rate of increase there would be 2,000,000 in thirty years. Before the reindeer came the natives of Alaska were facing apparently sure starvation. The white men have made it impossible for them to make their living in the old ways. Now they have an industry that promises them not only food, but comfort. Through the reindeer the mosses of the boundless tundra can be transformed into food, clothing, and shelter. When the herds have multiplied a few times more, famine will be a forgotten specter. And while the Indians are living in independent comfort themselves, they are preparing the country for white settlement. With reindeer at hand by the thousands, furnishing milk, cheese and meat, as well as swift transportation in the depth of winter, there will be no more starving miners, and no more rich mining fields left untouched, because it is impossible to carry food enough to reach them. In time there may even be a thriving industry in the export of reindeer products. The government never entered upon a philanthropic entertainment that promised to turn out more profitably than this one does.—The Presbyterian Banner.

God lives! there rest, my soul;
God hears! before Him bow;
God sees! and can control;
God leads! then follow thou.
God gives and loves—
Look up above!
O heart, be done with all thy care!
Thou shalt live with Him there.
—Schmolke.

AUGUST FURNITURE SALE

When fall house-cleaning comes around, you invariably find some furniture that wants renewing, and right now is the best time to get what you want when Messrs. Boggs & Buhl are having their Annual Furniture Sale, beginning August First. This means a great reduction on furniture of the most dependable kind, and will mean a saving to you of about one-third. Make a list of your needs at once and order from Boggs & Buhl, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Marriages

REID—ALTMAN. On July 14th, 1915, in St. Paul's Lutheran church at Dixon, Ill., Mr. Percival Reid and Miss Ruth Altman were married by the bride's father, Rev. F. D. Altman, D. D.

The Markets

United States Bonds

	Bid.	Asked.
2s, reg., 1930	97½	
2s, coup., 1930	97	
3s, reg., 1918	100¼	
3s, coup., 1918	100¼	
4s, reg., 1925	109	
4s, coup., 1925	110½	
2s, Pan., '36, reg.	97	
2s, Pan., '38, reg.	97	
3s, Pan., '61, reg.	101⅛	
3s, Pan., '61, coup.	100½	

The Philadelphia Market

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 26.

WHEAT market was lower; No. 2, red, car lots, new, July, export, $1.13a1.15; No. 1, Northern Duluth, old, export, $1.55a1.60.

CORN was lower; No. 2, yellow, local, 90a91c.; steamer, No. 2, yellow, local, 89a90c.

OATS steady; No. 2, white, 64a64½c.

BRAN unchanged; city mills, winter, $27 per ton; winter, per ton, none here; spring, per ton, $25.50a26.

REFINED SUGAR market was steady; powdered, $6.20; granulated, $6.10; confectioners' A, $6.

BUTTER market was steady; Western creamery, extra, 27c.; nearby prints, fancy, 30c.

EGGS were steady; nearby firsts, free cases, $6; current receipts, free cases, $5.70; Western, extra firsts, free cases, $6; firsts, free cases, $5.70a5.85.

LIVE POULTRY quiet but steady; fowls, 16a16½c.; old roosters, 11a12c.; broiling chickens, 16a23c.; spring ducks, 15a16c.; old ducks, 12a14c.

DRESSED POULTRY was quiet, steady; freshkilled fowls, fancy, 18½a19c.; fowls, average, 16½a17½c.; fowls, unattractive, 14½a15½c.; old roosters, 12½c.; broiling chickens, nearby, 25a32c.; broiling chickens, Western, 21a26c.; spring ducks, 16½a17c.; icepacked fowls, 14a18c.

POTATO market was steady; Maine, per bushel, 15a20c.; New York, per bushel, 15a20c.; Southern, per barrel, $0.40a1.00.

FLOUR market was firm; winter, straight, $5.50a5.75; spring, straight, $6.75a6.90; spring, patent, $6.90a7.60.

HAY market was higher; timothy, No. 1, large bales, $24a25; medium bales, $25; No. 2, medium bales, $24; No. 3, medium bales, $20a21; light mixed, $24; No. 1, light mixed, $22.50a23; No. 2, light mixed, $20a21.

The Cattle Market

PHILADELPHIA.—Receipts for the week ending Saturday evening, July 24: Beef cattle, 2,991; sheep and lambs, 5,521; hogs, 5,689; calves, 1,364.

BEEF CATTLE.—The market was steady but quiet, moderate but ample supplies of Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Virginia and Pennsylvania cattle being on sale. Grain-fed stock brought the top-price range, dry finished the next, and grass steers the under rates. Cows closed fairly steady for choicest, and desirable calves ruled a fraction firmer. Quotations: Steers, extras, higher; average best, $9.50a10; choice, $9a9.25; good, $8.50a8.75; medium, $8a8.25; common, $7.75a8; bulls, $5a7.25; fat cows, $5.25a7; thin cows, $3a4.50; milch cows, common to choice, $45a75; extras, $85; veal calves, exceptional lots, $10.50a11; good to choice, $9.50a10; medium, $7a8; common, $6a7; Southerns and barnyards, $5a7.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Dressed shipments and cooler weather worked a good clearance, the better class of lambs ruling a shade stronger. Quotations: Sheep—Wethers, extra, $6a6.50; choice, $5.50a6; medium, $5a5.50; common, $2.50a3.50; ewes, heavy, fat, $5a5.50. Lambs—Extras, $8.50a8.75; good to choice, $8.25a8.50; medium, $7.50a7.75; common, $5a6.

HOGS.—Arrivals met with a fair disposal at the full price range. Quotations: Westerns, as to size and quality, $11.25a11.50.

CITY DRESSED STOCK.—With the exception of lamb, which was a trifle easier, all strictly choice and prime meats were under moderate inquiry. Quotations: Steers, 12½ a15c.; heifers, 11½a14c.; cows, 8½a13c.; veal calves, 15a16c.; extra calves, 17c.; Southerns and barnyards, 10a12c.; country dressed, 14a15c.; extras, 16c.; sheep, 11a12c.; extra wethers, 13c.; lambs, 16a17c.; extra lambs, 18c.; hogs, 11¼a11¾c.

BEING HAPPY

BY RIPLEY D. SAUNDERS

Just being happy is a fine thing to do;
Looking on the bright side rather than the blue;
Sad or sunny musing
Are largely in the choosing,
And just being happy is brave work and true.
And just being happy helps other souls along,
Their burdens may be weary and they not strong;
And your own sky will lighten,
If other skies you brighten,
By just being happy with a heart full of song.